THE BEST TIME TO SUBSCRIBE IS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR
WHY? BECAUSE THE LEDGER IS GOING TO BE MUCH BETTER THAN EVER

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

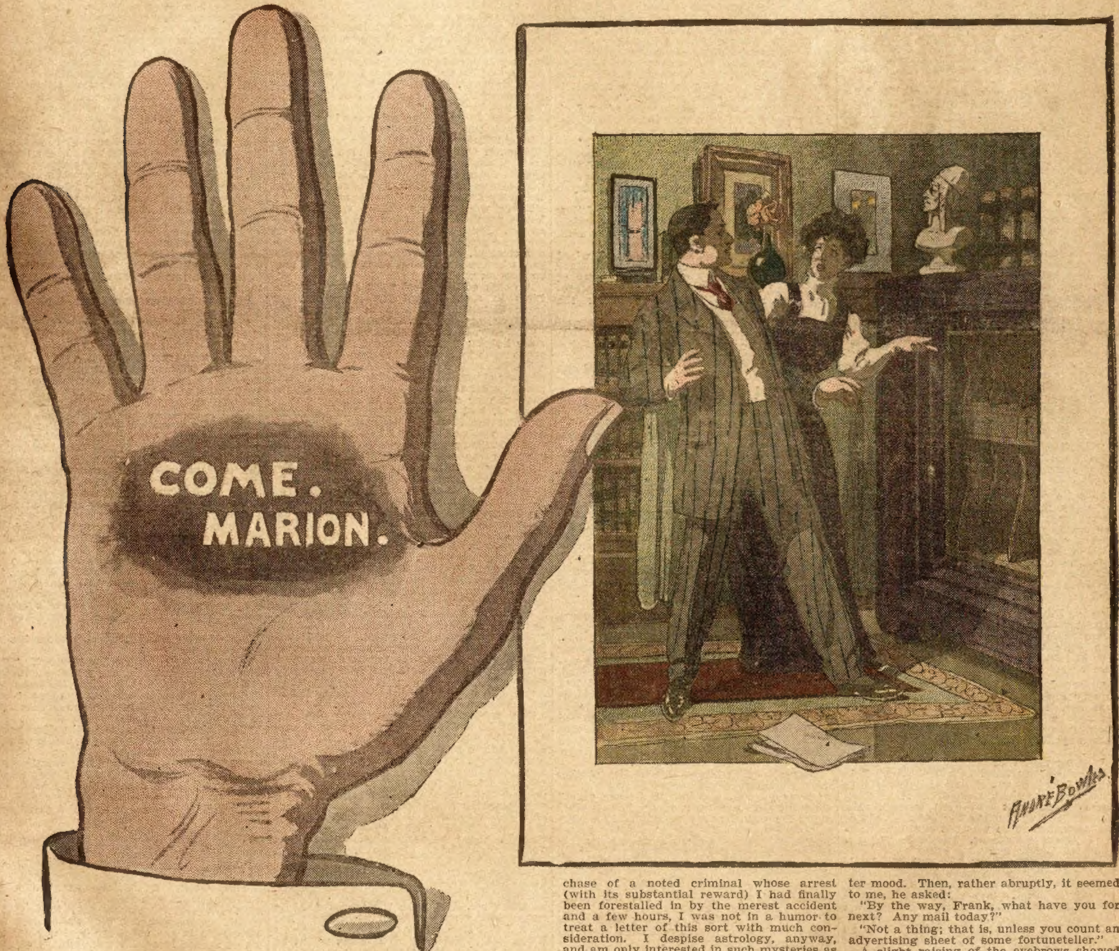
VOL. XXXVII. NO. 2. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1909. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

Wm J Bommers
1313 No 16th st
Omaha

THE TIDE OF THE MYSTIC

A Detective Story of Weird and Thrilling Experiences

By XENO W. PUTNAM



[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

YOU are not a believer in astrology or the doctrines of the mystic, and it is not my custom to force them upon the skeptical. Only my knowledge of a strange event, with which you will be intimately connected in the near future, impels me to give you this word of warning and caution.

"By today's mail you will receive a letter that you will be inclined to set down with this as a freak. It will be followed by a second message, and that by a third, which will win your serious attention; in fact, you will take up the case or else forever regret your refusal to do so.

"Be cautious at every step, for you will be in constant peril. Take some one man into your confidence on whom you can rely and take but one. This is of vital importance. He must be one whom you can trust to obey your instructions absolutely, and who will be secret. Keep him ready to come to your aid at once if you summon him, or if he fails to hear from you for a single day. This you must not neglect, else you will cause a sacrifice of which you cannot dream, one in which your own life will only be one miserable drop."

Tired out by a two weeks' absence in chase of a noted criminal whose arrest (with its substantial reward) I had finally been forestalled in by the merest accident and a few hours, I was not in a humor to treat a letter of this sort with much consideration. I despise astrology, anyway, and am only interested in such mysteries as yield up food, under a detective's skillful hands, for the criminal courts.

Then an anonymous letter, always a mark of insincerity and cowardice, never had the least attraction for me, unless it happened to be aiding me in establishing the identity of its writer. My recent failure, too, by so narrow a margin, did not improve my temper any, and with a grunt of disgust I tossed the message into the wastebasket and, locking my room behind me, ran over to Charlie's den, across the street.

We were only brothers, and so constantly together both in our business and social connections, that in spite of my ill-humor we found much to talk about, this being the first time I had seen him since my return in the late afternoon. He sympathized with my ill-luck in his half-teasing way, and in the course of an hour chaffed me into a better mood. Then, rather abruptly, it seemed to me, he asked:

"By the way, Frank, what have you for next? Any mail today?"

"Not a thing; that is, unless you count an advertising sheet of some fortuneteller."

A slight raising of the eyebrows showed me that he was interested and, as his gab had loosened my tongue, I repeated the letter to him as nearly as I could remember it. Instead of joining in my ridicule he lapsed into a thoughtful humor, and, leaning far back into his chair, appeared to be regarding me narrowly through his own wreaths of smoke.

"To tell the truth," he finally drawled, "I got rather a queer sort of message myself, and if you don't mind, we will just run over to your room with it and compare the writing. Let me see, I laid mine somewhere on my desk—where the deuce did I lay it?" He gave a grunt of disapproval; the chambermaid had "done" up his room since and, of course, the letter was not to be found.

"Never mind; I recollect the contents and enough about the writing so that I want to look at yours."

He turned the light down while speaking and held the door open for my departure. There was nothing for me to do but follow him, rather grumblingly, across the street.

After unlocking the door I stepped back into the hall for a word with my landlady, who was passing, leaving him to go on ahead and light up for himself. When I entered, he was seated at the desk with the waste-basket on his lap, and with a half-jesting growl at him for his interest in some sooth-sayer's advertising dodge, I took up the evening paper and dismissed the matter from my mind.

"You always were a careless dog," he finally broke out. "Now, where have you buried this bone?"

"If you mean that letter, it was right on top in the basket, until you began to dig; now it might be any place between the top and the bottom."

"Admitted, that it might be—but it isn't; for I have looked at every blessed paper, and a few after I quit blessing them. There is nothing of the sort here."

I knew the landlady had not touched it, for she had just learned of my return, and been chiding me for not giving her proper notice that she might air the room, after its being closed after my two weeks' absence. Aside from her, no one had a key except myself, and I distinctly remembered locking the door behind me when going out.

With something of a detective's pride in finding things that have baffled a fellow detective, I went to work at the desk, but my search was as fruitless as my brother's. Between us, though, we found an unopened letter addressed to me that I must have overlooked on first entering the room, though I could almost have sworn that I examined the very spot where it now lay. Tearing it open, I read:

"Dear Mr. Davis—I am in very great trouble, perhaps danger; the nature I cannot explain in a letter. Since you are my father's friend in whom he placed implicit confidence, I come to you, by his advice, for protection and aid. I am, therefore, asking you to come with the least possible delay to our country place, known far and wide, simply as 'The Castle,' three miles out from Grampton, where, as you must know, father and I have lived the past fifteen years.

Please do not fail me, Mr. Davis, for I am now defenseless and distracted, and have no one in the world to depend on except you. Come quickly, for my trouble is bitter and my danger probably extreme and—oh, the horror of it! I cannot write more. In heaven's name, and the sincere friendship of my father, come,

"MARION WYCLIFF."

I looked at Charlie in amazement. Neither of us had ever known the writer or her father either, so far as we could remember; certainly we had no intimate friend by that name. No doubt the girl, in the midst of some sudden trouble, had become confused and misdirected a message that bore every evidence of urgent importance. With a nameless pity, intensified, perhaps, by the mystery connected with it, I ran over to the nearest telegraph office and sent a message explaining that her letter had fallen into the hands of a stranger, who was willing, however, to befriend her to the extent of delivering it at once to the proper party, if the address was furnished me, or of returning it to her if she preferred.

As Charlie and I sat in my room awaiting the answer that we both felt sure would come, he told me the contents of his own queer note received earlier in the day. As nearly as he could remember it read:

"Charlie—Your brother Frank will be in deadly peril soon. Be ready to go to his aid if you fail to hear from him for a single day."

In spite of my scorn for unsigned notes, so many mysterious things had occurred in the past two hours that I will have to confess to an uncanny feeling, that I am sure my brother shared, though neither of us was, as yet, prepared to admit it. Our attempts at conversation failed miserably and it was a great relief to both of us when, at ten o'clock, a messenger boy boy came with my answer. It read:

"Mr. Davis—Some terrible mistake. I cannot understand, have no one to explain. I am more than ever helpless. I thought you were my father's friend, and mine. Too late now; there is no one else. Please come. MARION WYCLIFF."

Seasoned as we two strong men were to danger and accustomed to mystery, there was something about this one which gave us both a creepy feeling, and we stared dumbly at each other a full minute before either spoke. Charlie finally broke the silence.

"Let me read that letter again."

I reached my hand into the pigeon-hole where I had thrust it before going out to send that telegram, then drew it back as suddenly as if it had been burned. My finger tips had touched the back boards of the desk, but there was not a scrap of paper in the compartment. The letter had disappeared before our very eyes.

I heard a footstep in the hall, the landlady, and though we were both convinced that no one had been in the room, we called to her together. She responded with so much haste it was evident our agitation showed in our voices. But her presence was useless. In our search she could help us very little, and in our knowledge not at all No one had been about the premises within the last half-hour except the regular roomers, of that she was certain. There was no opening to my room except through the door and the two windows, both of which were locked at the top of the sash. Charlie was still groping around in the various pigeon-holes with his rather delicate hand, while she talked.

Suddenly I saw him give a start of surprise, which convinced me he had made an important discovery, and with divers assurances to the landlady that the affair was only a lost letter of no great importance in itself, I got rid of her as quickly as I could and turned back to my brother.

He was sitting before the desk intently looking at the upturned palm of his own hand as if half-afraid of it. Nor did I wonder greatly. In the middle of the pink-white surface was a panel of dark brown, and across the center of this curious patch, like a reversed inscription on a tombstone, was the message in flesh:

"Come. Marion."

CHAPTER II.
AT MYSTERY'S THRESHOLD.

That message settled the question; one of us must go, and, as the original summons was addressed to me, I was that one. Nothing short of the rankest cowardice could have resisted an appeal like that, and, with hands that I believe were moderately steady in spite of the disturbing incident, I commenced to cram such things as I most needed into my traveling case preparatory to catching the midnight express. That would get me into Grampton early in the the morning and give me the full period of daylight for getting the case in hand.

While awaiting the express at the station, it occurred to me that it might be an act of kindness to relieve that suffering girl's feelings, as much as my mere coming would relieve them, so I telegraphed ahead:

"Will be at Grampton 6:30 a. m. tomorrow.
"FRANK DAVIS."

The run to Grampton proved uneventful, the only real natural occurrence thus far in connection with the case. I got what sleep I could in order to be ready for the next day's work, for I felt certain it would be a strenuous one; still, after an all-night railroad journey one is not as fresh as when lying comfortably in bed at home, and I felt tired and out of humor when, nearly two hours late, we finally pulled into the little country station.

No other passenger alighted there, and the station master came hurrying up almost before my feet had touched the platform.

"Is this Mr. Davis?"

"It is."

"I am very glad, indeed. Now, maybe that poor girl can get a little rest. That is her carriage waiting for you over yonder. She has been waiting ever since a quarter after six this morning, and was here last night until she got your telegram, after midnight. Poor child, she has been nearly wild with uncertainty since she first wrote you, as she was not sure of the address. Pardon me, sir, but it would indeed have been a kindness in you to have acknowledged her letter more promptly."

"I did not get her letter until after dark and wired her at once that there was a mistake."

"By telegraph, do you mean, man?"

"Certainly."

"She got no telegram. The first word that she got from you was the telegram you sent a little before midnight, telling her that you were about to start."

I smiled a bit contemptuously. The fellow was evidently quizzing me for information, and for that reason pretending to know all about Miss Wycliff's movements.

"It really does not matter now. I wired Miss Wycliff in answer to her letter. Her answering message I must plead guilty of neglecting for a few hours, because a startling event caused me to overlook the courtesy."

"Her telegram, man? What do you mean?"

"Her answer to my first one."

"She sent no telegram last night."

"You are mistaken, sir, for I received one from her."

He looked at me in blank amazement. "Look here, Mr. Davis, there is some mystery back of this."

"What, another?"

"One would think this is enough, though Heaven knows, there are more. I stayed in this office until after midnight myself last night, hoping to hear from you on this little girl's account, and she was here, in company with her aunt. I know for a certainty that she received but one telegram from you, the one announcing that you were about to start. I also know that she sent no message by wire to you or any one else last night. Whatever telegram you received was not from her or from this office, that I know. Hush! Here she comes, and pardon the suggestion, just at present I would not trouble her with this new mystery. She has enough to stand already."

I looked at the man quickly. Had he some sinister reason for not wanting me to question her? His face did not show it, certainly, and my first glance at hers convinced me that he was right. To annoy her unnecessarily would have been cruelty indeed. That the trouble her letter suggested had already taken tangible form, was evident from her swollen eyes and haggard face, in fact, the distress in the latter determined me to avoid any reference to the occasion of my visit until we reached her home, as I feared an absolute collapse if she attempted to tell her story on the road.

Before leaving the platform the station master managed to say to me in private:

"Your pardon, sir, but if I were you I wouldn't let her talk about her trouble along the way, I really wouldn't. Her aunt and cousin, who have been staying up at The Castle since the first of the trouble (Heaven knows they cannot stand it much longer,) can give you the general facts, then you can question her with less nerve strain and more to the purpose for the details. Besides, believe me, sir, the stones around here have many ears."

"I can well believe anything strange of this place," I answered, and then hastened to join my fair companion.

The morning was foggy, and in spite of the midsummer season, I found my light top coat none too heavy for comfort. Several times I fancied my companion shivered slightly, though whether from cold or nervousness I could only guess. Naturally enough, perhaps, I feared it would be difficult to restrain her from talking about the occasion of my visit, but whether the subject was so painful to her that she hesitated to approach it, or whether, as the station master hinted, she feared some spy along the highway, she never once referred to it during our three-mile drive.

I had hoped that during my advance into the heart of the enemy's country, it would be possible to study the surrounding landscape, at least enough to determine something of my own location. Even that satisfaction was denied me by the heavy fog. We rode between two unchanging, chilling walls of white-gray, beyond which we could see nothing but an occasional tree. Sometimes we crossed a small bridge or ascended a hill to break the monotony, but bridges and hills and even trees, detached from their surroundings are but indifferent landmarks to the stranger. It was evident, though, that we were reaching higher ground, and as we ascended, the enveloping clouds grew lighter, and we finally emerged from them into the bright sunlight above. At this point the horses turned down from the highway into a long avenue of trees, that seemingly terminated against a wall of solid rock, which here arose high above the sea, thundering just audibly at its base. There was no sign of any house, unless the rows of trees themselves could be said to constitute a sign, until a bend in our course brought us almost without warning to the steps which led up into a broad, low porch.

Three people awaited our arrival; the aunt, of whom the station master spoke, a middle-aged lady of the motherly sort that wins the hearts of young people and the confidence of older ones at first glance; her daughter, Edith, rather a prepossessing girl of nineteen or twenty, and a muscular young carpenter, whom I suspected of being more interested in Miss Edith than any other feature of the case.

Somehow, I liked the fellow from the start, and as I looked at his lithe carriage and muscular frame it occurred to me that he would not be a mean ally to have at hand in case of real danger.

He relieved us of the horse; Miss Edith led my companion into the hall and up the stairway, while Mrs. Hunter herself conducted me presently into the family sitting room, where she seated me before a light wood fire, that in spite of the season was agreeable after my ride through the fog.

"I am sure you will pardon my neglecting you for a few minutes," she said. "Edith has to post a letter up at the village and I am afraid it would not be best for Marion to come down until she has rested a little. After what has happened here we never leave her alone, so I must stay with her for a few minutes. There is the morning paper or, if you care to become familiar with the house and grounds at once, they are all at your disposal. Jack—Mr. Wilson, this is—the young man you saw at the door—will be with you presently."

Though I do not as a rule care to examine premises until I know in a general way wherein they are removed from normal conditions, it seemed not a bad idea for me to take a survey of the grounds, then any special feature, with which I was familiar, might drop of itself into its natural place in the story I was presently to hear.

There was nothing at the front of the house peculiar, except the oddity of its location. This, of course, had nothing to do with the present case more than as a favoring element, as the house was built many years before its present occupants had any connection with it.

A chain of hills that were almost mountains in size, skirted the shore-line for some distance, and two of these peaks, which seemed to have been set rather closely together, had merged for more than half their height; not an unusual formation by any means in mountain ranges on a larger scale, but rather uncommon in the steepness of their sides and neighborly location. Into the gap between these two steep hillsides some former owner, with an eccentric turn of mind, had fitted a house, the two hills forming the two ends between which connecting walls of masonry had been erected.

The building was a two-story structure, counting from the surface level in the front. At the rear a falling off at the center of the little valley gave room for a basement of considerable dimensions, the outer door of which had at some later time been walled up, though as I afterward learned, the interior was still used by Professor Wycliff as a laboratory and was reached by a stairway from within. There was no outer opening but a single window.

One end of this peculiar structure still remained as it had been originally built. The other had been torn away, and in its place there arose a circular tower, surmounted by a dome and constructed of some peculiarly beautiful material, the nature of which I could not certainly determine. This, I conjectured, had been built for some particular object, and at the first glance I somehow got the impression that it would be closely associated with the object of my visit. Around it, at the base, the driveway led to the stables and garden in the rear.

The garden itself was greatly overrun with briers and bushes, only one small corner of it bearing any sign of recent cultivation. At the further side the steep descent was covered with trees and bushes, but from the imperfect view I could obtain from the top I imagined, what afterward proved to be true, that it terminated in a perpendicular wall of rock, against the base of which I could at that moment hear the the waves dashing with sullen persistence. Clearly, there was no approach to The Castle except the driveway over which I had just been taken.

Having gotten the general location of the house and grounds, I returned to the family sitting room, where I found Mrs. Hunter awaiting me. Although the traces of some recent heavy sorrow were plain upon her face, I felt it my duty to at once begin an investigation that, for all I knew, might be getting more difficult for every minute of delay, and more than likely was involving some one, perhaps Miss Wycliff, in graver dangers, so I plunged at once into my inquiry. Briefly, the strange story Mrs. Hunter told here follows.

CHAPTER III.
A STRANGE CASE.

Professor Wycliff, her brother, a wealthy scientist of intensely studious habits, had purchased The Castle fifteen years before, because it was so remote from the disturbances of civilization, though at the same time in close touch with its conveniences. There he could experiment and study without interruption, and from the solid nature of the walls, his most delicate instruments were not often disturbed by Nature's battles and never by the jar of traffic. Ever since he had occupied the place in company with his daughter and one servant or assistant. Their lives had been simple in the extreme. With ample means to gratify every wish and with few extravagant wishes to gratify, the old man and his daughter seemingly lived in an ideal world, entirely removed from its usual business cares.

Rarely, not oftener than once or twice a year, the professor would go for a vacation of a week or two, sometimes alone, but oftener accompanied by his daughter. Occasionally some noted man of science came for a few days' visit, and would go away highly impressed by the profound investigations of his host. Aside from these, he had no associates except his daughter, his assistant, his books and the utensils of his laboratory. Like all men who shut themselves away from the world, he seemed a little strange in everyday business matters, but was universally revered by all who knew him. His daughter also was the subject of general affection, although, confining her life almost wholly to her father's, she mixed but little with the world.

Two months previously Mr. Maxwell, the old gentleman's assistant, mysteriously disappeared; no clew was ever obtained, although the professor spent time and money in the search as freely as if the missing man had been his own son. The strangeness of his disappearance cast such a gloom over the place that, for Marion's sake, the old man thought of giving it up, at least for a season, and devoting some months to travel. As this would interrupt important experiments then under way, the girl would not hear of such a thing, but finally as a compromise premitted him to send for Mrs. Hunter, his only sister, and her daughter, to take up their residence at The Castle for company.

On the night preceding the one which brought my summons, Miss Wycliff and her father sat in the library reading till a late hour, as was their custom, when he suddenly complained of thirst. The girl went below for a pitcher of water. Half-way up the stairs on her return, she was surprised at being left in sudden darkness, the electric lights having evidently failed for some cause. At the same time she heard a muffled exclamation from her father, as though he, too, was disturbed by the occurrence. Groping her way toward the door, she addressed him with some joking remark, but received no answer, and in real apprehension called his name. Not getting any reply she pressed the button in the hallway close behind her and lighted the lamp there. It was sufficient to bring every object in both hall and library out distinctly. There was the table, the two chairs, the open book, as she had left them, but the professor himself was nowhere to be seen.

With a shriek of terror she sprang into the room and looked about; it was empty. Then she must have fainted, for she lay there still when her aunt, who had been awakened by her shriek, reached the room a few minutes later. That was the whole case; there was no trace yet of the missing man.

"What investigations have been made, what changes?"

"There have been no changes, and I fear the investigations have been of the crudest kind. The local officers we at once called in acknowledged the case to be beyond them, and did nothing except to leave a man for our protection until you were known to be on the way, then Mr. Wilson came up and the officer left. One thing, though, I omitted. On the missing man's table, held in place by the book he had been reading, was a paper in his writing directing us, if anything mysterious should take him off, to communicate with you and to call no one else until you arrived. While we called the local officers at once—in fact, it was one of them who found the paper—we have in every other respect followed his instructions to the letter."

"Then the occurrence must not have been entirely a surprise to the old gentleman."

"On the contrary, now that we recall them, several things lead us to believe that he half-expected something of this kind."

"And did it seem to trouble him?"

"It certainly did, greatly; or something did. Since shortly after Maxwell's disappearance he has been greatly disturbed in spirit."

"What were some of these circumstances you refer to?"

Mrs. Hunter considered a moment. "For one thing he has recently evinced unusual solicitude for his daughter, in the event of his sudden taking off, has made various provisions for her, and taken unusual interest in her property affairs."

"Might not this be due to the disappearance of his assistant, bringing home to him the uncertainty of life?"

"In a measure, yes. Still he never ignored that or feared death before. It was something more to which he referred, I am certain."

"Something for which he had a great terror?"

"Much greater, yes."

"You spoke of several circumstances. What were the others?"

"Perhaps they were rather modifications of the first. He frequently spoke of you as a most trusted friend, though none of us had ever heard him mention your name before. Several times he said that if he should be taken away very suddenly your assistance in the settling up of our affairs would assure him of his daughter's future. We supposed you were an attorney then, in whom he had great confidence. When we found that you were a detective—well, you know that your province is hardly the settling of estates. He must have had some other necessity in mind."

"This paper that he spoke of, I should like to see."

"It is still upon the library table, exactly where he left it. Shall I take you there, or do you wish to see Marion? I think she is rested."

"I will see her presently. First, about that library; is it located in the tower I was but now admiring in the garden?"

"Yes, in the upper portion. It was constructed by him for that purpose, ten or twelve years ago, when he remodeled the old house quite a little."

"I see that a portion of the original building has been torn away."

"He did it at that time, as I remember it."

"Thank you. On the whole, I think that I ill have a look at this tower and library efore interviewing Miss Wycliff. I may e able to question more to the point and hence trouble her less."

She gave me a grateful look and led the way up rather narrow stairs to a long hallway above. This was without furniture of ny kind except a heavy carpet, laid, I suppose, to further guard against the disturbance of sound. At either end of this hallway was a window, protected within by folding shutters, and without by heavy iron bars, as though to safeguard from possible attack from without. There seemed to be no other opening into this hall, except the door through which we came, and a broad archway about midway down the hall, which we now approached, Mrs. Hunter, evidently with some reluctance. One glance through it into the library beyond and I stopped in sudden astonishment.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE SILENT CHAMBER.

Beyond was a circular room, surmounted by a dome and fitted up with cases like any other library, but pierced by no opening whatever, except the archway within which we stood; not a single window. Yet the whole place was flooded with a soft, mellow light that seemed to come trickling through the very walls themselves, creating an ideal reading room without either glare or shadow.

"This was my brother's one extravagance," said Mrs. Hunter, in a low, reverent voice. "He builded it out of a composition of his own discovery, like glass in hardness and finish, but translucent and much tougher. Moreover, it is capable of being set in cement, also of his compounding, that will unite it into a solid mass without a seam. The whole tower from top to bottom is one solid piece without an opening of any kind, except this archway through which we have entered. The walls are over a foot thick, and as this hall, when the windows and the stairway doors are closed, is absolutely silent, you see how free he was from all outside disturbance, no sight nor sound. Even the elements could war their worst and not disturb him, while these walls of solid insulation rendered the most delicately balanced electric needle free from outside influences."

I looked about in admiring wonder. "But the ventilation," I suggested. "The air is good, and yet you tell me——"

She pointed to a row of little holes near the floor, each no larger than a half-inch auger would make. "They connect in some way that eliminates sound and draft, but admits plenty of air, with a small tube or shaft carried down the center of the wall and running to the roof. The system is complicated, and I do not understand it, but it is complete. Here is where he sat that night; that willow chair opposite is Marion's. That open book is as he left it, and under it you will find the paper."

"One moment. You say he read here much by night; how was the place lighted then?"

"Electricity. This button lights the reading lamp, so; you can hardly notice it in daylight, it is so nearly the same; and this lights the great chandeliers."

In an instant the place was one blaze of sparkle and glow from floor to the top of the dome. She watched my surprise with a pleased pride, then turned the current off as suddenly.

"He seldom used that, it was too brilliant."

Telling Mrs. Hunter that I would see Miss Wycliff in the library in one hour, if convenient, I dismissed her and began my independent research. Cruel as it was to put this half-distracted girl through the agonies of a rigid cross-examination in a place so full of horror for her as this room must be, it seemed the best, the only way. If I was to save the professor I needed every scrap of information, and there was no other place where she could make as complete explanations as upon the very spot where the occurrence took place.

In the midst of this mystery my strange warning came back to me; was there indeed grave danger lurking about? I was using every caution; would keep in close communion with a man that I could trust, my brother. More lives than mine, it had said, were in the balance. Then there was really some vital peril hanging over the place like a great black shadow.

Whence would it come? From above, below or from some unexpected opening in the walls? Would some subtile poison filter through and gradually overcome us? That could not have caused two men to disappear. Would some villainous assassin suddenly throw open a secret door and rush out? My hand caressed my revolver at the thought. Or might there, in spite of all my skepticism, be some supernatural power, some strange, all-devouring force that could not be withstood or understood by man? Some way the facts in the case, as they were given to me, favored the theory of a secret door, and that I determined to search for before calling upon Miss Wycliff.

First I convinced myself that not a square inch of the floor was detachable from any other. The polished surface of this peculiar glass tiling would have quickly shown the slightest scratch or crack; it was as solid as the bottom of a bottle. Course by course I followed up the walls and found a similar condition there. The cement had united absolutely with the blocks and left not the trace of a seam behind. There was no secret door!

Removing some of the books, I clambered up the cases into the very edge of the dome itself. The walls were as solid as the very rocks upon which they rested. Over and over the entire room I went with ever similar results; the theory of a secret passage would have to be abandoned so far as that room was concerned.

I was about to examine the paper on the table when Miss Wycliff entered, and with a half-frightened look about the room, sat down in the chair she had occupied the previous evening. Her tale substantiated what her aunt had told, but I got nothing new from her except evidence of the deep distress under which she was now laboring.

It was with a feeling of relief that I finally conducted her down the stairway to her friends, for I was in constant fear of a collapse so long as she remained in that mysterious room.

Returning to the floor above, I went over the surface of the hallway as carefully as I had previously examined the library, and with like result. Walls, floor and ceiling were of the same material, but as if anticipating the desire for an occasional glimpse of the outer world, the windows at each end, of ordinary glass, furnished the means. Again my attention wandered to those heavy bars and shutters; still, many people, without definite idea of meeting a violent end, protected their windows; that was not conclusive that he did expect it.

Completely puzzled, I searched both rooms again and again for secret openings. There was none. The one, the only avenue of entrance or exit, was the stairway up which the girl had been ascending at the moment of her father's disappearance. With a lighted lamp I examined every stair down this passage which, being a part of the older house, was wood. All were securely nailed and with no evidence of recent removal. Again I ascended and turned on the full electric current. Then I discovered that the upper dome, instead of being smooth as marble, like the lower walls, was composed of innumerable reflecting facets or lenses. This greatly increased the illuminating power, but the discovery amounted to nothing, except as it showed me I had previously been mistaken in the character of the walls, and with renewed energy I searched for a secret door.

Only the cold, solid walls confronted me at every turn.

At the moment of Professor Wycliff's abduction there had been, so far as human eye could see, but the one passage down the stairway for his assailants to enter and escape. The doors through this, it is true, were unbolted at the time, but it seemed almost incredible that any man or group of men—first hidden, we will say, during the evening, behind some of the book cupboards in the library—could overpower the professor and carry him below, out through the living rooms, during the one moment that the way might have been clear for them.

Besides, the light had not been extinguished until the girl herself blocked this passage in her return trip. It was not a settled fact, however, that the same agency which carried off the man, extinguished the lights; that might have been a combination of separate events, favorable to the intruders, but in no way caused by them.

Again, the girl heard her father's exclamation while she was ascending the stair; but again, did she? Might not the confusion of the night have disarranged her idea of the sequence of events or, more probably still, might not that exclamation have been given after he had been removed outside the house, and she, supposing him to still be in the room above, have been mistaken in the direction?

Such a theory, I will confess, did not satisfy me at all points, and failed to greatly impress me in any way, but in the absence of a better, I was obliged to accept it as possible. There was still another difficulty.

Such an abduction must have been made in extreme haste; in fact, the abductors must have followed the girl down the stairway very closely with the old man in order to carry him across the room below, dimly lighted it is true, and out of doors while she was pumping a pitcher of water.

If everything worked smoothly it might be done, providing there was no delay; but how did the victim of so swift an attack get time to write that paper of directions and hide it under his book? He could hardly have done so, even with the assistance of his captors? Was that communication then, something they wished to have him leave? Still, when was it written?

Unable to get over the difficulty, I threw myself wearily into the professor's chair and proceeded to examine that paper. I gave it one hurried glance, then, with an exclamation of surprise, rushed with it out of the room and to the bright sunlight streaming in through the window at one end of the hall. As I spread the sheet out across the broad window-sill with hands that trembled a little in their eagerness, I heard my own name spoken softly, close behind me, and a restraining hand was laid upon my arm.

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

The weirdness of all my associations with the place, rather than any special suddenness of the incident itself, gave me such a start that with something akin to horror I wheeled and faced—Miss Wycliff.

"I came to call you to dinner. Is there anything—have you found any clew yet, Mr. Davis?"

"Nothing of importance, I am very much afraid."

The pale face which had been lit up for a moment with the light of hopeful expectation, became set and stony again. There was more than grief or despair in her look. Was it horror? However, she controlled herself with an effort.

"If there is anything that I can do, any information that I can give at any time, I trust you will call upon me without the least hesitation; indeed, if there is anything that you could let me help you in doing, believe me, sir, it would be a kindness. Though I may not be strong, the activity would be a relief from this awful mental strain, in some measure."

This was exactly what I wished to do, and leading her to dinner I asked her service for the afternoon. It was only upon my determined insistence that she controlled her impatience enough to eat something like a fair meal, then I escorted her to the library, and seating her in her old place, took the chair opposite and began to question her again.

"Was your father ever accustomed to receiving guests at all mysterious, or about the identity of whom you were uncertain?"

"He was not."

"Or of going upon journeys, the object of which was not entirely clear to you?"

"He never did that."

"Have you recently, or at any time ever noticed strangers in or about the premises? Has there been any one at all connected with your father's life or yours, or with your observations, who impressed you as at all peculiar?"

"Absolutely no one. Mr. Maxwell had an occasional visitor or two whom I did not like, but that was a long time ago. I have not seen one of them for a number of years."

"Was there, or has there ever been—pardon the question, Miss Wycliff, it is necessary to ask it—any love affair, or suspicion of one on your part, either with or without your father's approval?"

"There has been none whatever. My entire life has been centered upon him to the exclusion of all others. I have had no intimate associates of either sex."

Perhaps, to confirm this unusual statement and stop all further theorizing on that line, she frankly and very fully put into my hands a complete history of all her past life, so far as it applied to any one besides her father, until I felt quite well acquainted with every one who had in any way ever entered the atmosphere of her narrow little world. Much that she told was wholly irrelevant to the case, but I let her go on without interruption, because so frequently the very incidents which people drop as unimportant, are the very ones that have a most important bearing.

When I had finished questioning her, we made together a searching examination of the entire house and grounds. The day was spent when this had been completed and evening well along. Again I led her back to the library and, lighting up the chandeliers above us to their full capacity, began to question her in yet another angle, convinced that in such a flood of illumination nothing could by any possibility approach us without being seen.

"Did your father, so far as you know, ever take any interest in astrology, or the mystic science?"

"On the contrary, I know that he never did."

"Did he ever write letters or other documents bearing on the subject?"

"Certainly not."

"Or express any faith at all in occult powers?"

"Quite the reverse. He despised and ridiculed them."

The frankness of her answers and her positive assurances puzzled me a little, because there was so much similarity between the mysterious note I had received the previous evening and the paper found upon Professor Wycliff's table that I felt sure both had been written by the same person, although that assumption brought up facts that I found hard to reconcile with the theory. I could not doubt the girl's honesty of opinion, nor could I believe that the man whose memory she revered so highly and with whom her entire life had been so intimately associated, could have developed mystic tendencies without her knowledge. Still, I had not a doubt that the two documents were written by the same person. At least I would test the matter further.

"Would you mind giving me some of your father's writing, that I may at leisure compare it with a certain document that I hold in my memory, and that may furnish a most valuable clew?"

"Certainly not. If you will come with me to his laboratory I will get it now."

We went down through the living rooms into the basement below, the place lighted only by a small hand-lamp which she carried. Here a new surprise awaited us. Handing me the lamp, she approached a large safe which stood in one corner of the room. She whirled the dials about for a moment, then drew open the door and disclosed the interior—empty. If I had had a doubt up to that time of her sincerity it would have been dispelled by the look of utter hopelessness which came over her face. That, I felt sure, was genuine if nothing else about the place had ever been.

"That safe," she cried, in a wail of mortal terror, "was filled with my father's secret formula and scientific discoveries—his lifework—at nine o'clock this morning, for I had occasion to open it at that time. No one in the world has ever known the combination excepting papa, Mr. Maxwell, and me."

I made a hasty examination of the window. It was fastened from within, and the accumulation of dust and cobwebs with which it was plentifully decorated had not been disturbed. There was but one other entrance, the one we came, and that led up through the living rooms above, which had been occupied throughout the day, except, perhaps, through some chance moment. There might have been times when escape that way was possible, but an intruder would have been taking desperate chances to depend upon it. Either he was surprisingly familiar with the movements of the family or else he must have had much at stake.

Having failed to find the slightest clew to this mystery, I gathered up a few of the unimportant papers scattered about the room, which Miss Wycliff declared to be in her father's handwriting, then setting the spring lock in the laboratory door, I drew it shut until I heard the bolt shoot into place, then dropped the key into my pocket, determined to know for a certainty that no one entered that room without my knowledge.

I made as light as possible of the incident, hoping to reassure the family, then bidding Miss Wycliff good night in the presence of her aunt, cousin and the young carpenter, I went up to the library again, a good deal disturbed in spirit. To know that some sinister and unexplainable presence has been at work in the house you occupy, at some past time, is bad enough. To know that it is still at work, defying you, passing through bolted doors at will and seemingly through solid walls without leaving of itself a trace, except its own depredations, is infinitely more disturbing. Even I, hardened to danger and mystery, was glad to know that the young carpenter intended to stay with us until morning.

I spread the papers out on the library table, with them the one found there the previous night, for comparison, and began my lonely vigils.

(Continued on page fourteen.)

FREE
CATARRH
TREATMENT

My Offer of Dec. 5-12, in Boyce's Weeklies, Brings So Much Joy.

In the Dec. 5th and 12th issues of Boyce's weeklies I made the following offer: That I would give 500 Catarrh Treatments absolutely free of charge to be distributed among the readers of Boyce's weeklies. That offer has been received with so much satisfaction, so many grateful letters have come to me from it, that my heart is filled with joy.

Therefore, I have decided to repeat the offer and am making this announcement: *I will give away, absolutely free of charge, 250 more of my famous Catarrh treatments*, that treatment which I have proved to be the best that was ever formulated for Catarrh and allied ailments, that treatment which has cured thousands of suffering ones, after everything else has failed.

Now, Reader, this is your chance. *ALL YOU* have got to do is to take this treatment and see the wonderful results. After its use, you will feel livelier, brighter and better in every way. Your nose will be clear, your foul breath will gradually leave you, the continual succession of colds, the crusts in your nose, that bad taste in the mouth mornings, dull, headachy feeling in your forehead, constant desire to clear your throat, all these will vanish. They will go one by one, some faster, some slower, but all equally sure. You will once more have that joyous, lively feeling, same as you had in the glad days of youth, free from all care and pain.

A PRESENT FOR YOU

Remember, I make this offer of a free gift, wholly from my desire to do you good. I want no money for it; you will be under no obligation to me whatsoever.

Now, Reader, this is the opportunity of a lifetime; let it slip and you may never have such another again. Don't neglect it, just write today. Send a postal card or your name and address in a letter, and you will have one of these famous Threefold treatments by return mail.

Address Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 306 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

TINSEL POST CARDS—MAKE MONEY. Send 25c. for 10 beautifully Tinseled Postals like sparkling jewels and our plan. Eastern Trading Co. New Haven, Conn.

SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS. Dice, Cards, etc. Catalogue Free. NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., Box 100, Edina, Mo.

MAGIC POCKET TRICK FREE. Catalogue included. Send 4 cents. SCHOOL, Dept H, 270 W. 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

FREE 2 beautiful embossed Christmas Post Cards, in colors, for 2c stamp; 10 cards and 3 mos. sub. for 10c. HOUSEHOLD, 337 Capper Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

JUST OUT! Low-priced, 3-lb. Mop; turn crank to wring; clean hands. Women all buy; 150 % to Agents. Catalog free. U. S. MOP CO., 204 Main St., LEIPSIC, O.

MARRY. Universal Letter Writer, FREE to unmarried people, on love, courtship, etc. Particulars. Write H. A. HORTON, Dept. C, TEKONSHA, MICH.

LEARN WATCHMAKING
Jewelry work, Engraving and Optics. In possession of this knowledge you can earn a large salary. Write for our new catalog today. Address
St. Louis Watchmaking School, St. Louis, Mo.

BE A CORSETIER.
Ladies, we teach you how to sell our Custom-made Corsets, Petticoats, Skirts, Notions, etc. Big Profits. Pleasant Work. Write today. Address
Crescent Works, Ann Arbor, Mich., Box M. 8064.

40 BREEDS Fine pure-bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Largest poultry farm in the Northwest. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. Send 4c for fine 80-page Annual Poultry Book. R. F. NEUBERT, Box 855, Mankato, Minn

ASTHMA FREE cured before you pay. I will send any sufferer a bottle of **LANE'S ASTHMA CURE** If it cures you send me $1.00. If it does not, don't. Give express office. Address
D. J. LANE, Box C. L., St. Mary's, Kansas

Write for our Free Book and Save Money!

240-Egg Incubator $10
Other sizes Incubators and Brooders too low to price here. Write for our free catalog and learn why we can sell at such low prices. Why pay double our prices for machines not as good as the RELIANCE? Our book will give you full particulars and tell you how to raise poultry.
Reliance Incubator Co., Box 588, Freeport, Ill.

Ertel's POULTRY DIARY is our new book for the use of poultry raisers. Keep account of your eggs, chicks and profits. Our Diary shows how and also tells about our new Incubators. It tells why our prices are so low. The Diary is free. Better write for it today. Tell us if you are thinking of buying an Incubator and what size you want. We pay freight. Geo. Ertel Co., Quincy, Ill.

THIS SOLID GOLD laid Watch & Chain and this beautiful Signet Ring, with your initial engraved, we give entirely Free without one cent of cost to you for selling 10 boxes of our pills at 25c each. Or, you can have your selection from 100 other premiums, such as Guns, Clocks, Ladies' Skirts or Waists, Boys' Suits, Girls' Dresses, Teddy Bears or Dolls. CUT THIS OUT and write to-day. Address:
STAUFFER & CO.
64 Oak St., Palmyra, Pa.

The Black Elbow;

Or, A LIFE AT STAKE

By J. M. Merrill

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 1, January 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE JAIL.

THE county jail at Boyd City was not a comfortable place of residence, yet the immaculate Walter Immerson, wealthy and refined, was given a room here and closely guarded. Ill news speeds rapidly. The whole town was soon in possession of the fact that Immerson was in jail accused of murder.

The young lumberman had friends in plenty at the examination. Even Berry Cantwell stepped forward and offered to go on a bail bond for the accused. The offense being of such gravity it was not bailable, and so Immerson was remanded to jail to await trial in a higher court.

It was here that the young lumberman received a caller one day in early fall. Jovial Teddy Lighthouse was known of all men in Boyd City, and the boy was not turned away when he called at the jail.

The prisoner sat on a cot, biting his lip and ruminating as Ted entered.

"Hello, Walt!" exclaimed the boy, grasping his friend's hand. "I hope you ain't going to be mumbly over this thing. It's mighty unfortunate anyhow, and she thinks as I do, bless her little heart!"

Immerson lifted his eyes and smiled. The irrepressible Ted was a source of sunshine wherever he went. The prisoner had expected him. He looked beyond as the jailer closed the door as if expecting another.

"It's all right, Walt——"

"Sit down, Teddy."

The prisoner pointed to a stool. The lad dropped to it and leaned his elbows upon his knees. He pulled off his cap and allowed bristles of red hair to stand up in defiance of comb or brush.

"It's a nasty shame, that's what it is," declared the boy. "Any man would have shot if he'd been jumped onto as you was; I'd a done it myself."

Teddy plucked at a budding bit of hair on his lip and showed his teeth.

"That would be like you, of course, you are so ferocious," said Immerson.

The man did not care to discuss his own case. His thoughts were with the tall blonde at Lightstone house. He was sure she had sent a message by the boy. Teddy seemed to have forgotten it, and Immerson would not ask.

A silence fell between them. Presently Ted sprang up, slapped his leg with his cap and said:

"Blame it all, I wish I could do something for you 'sides talk. What lawyer will you have, Walt?" The speaker's brown eyes looked a thousand questions into his companion's face.

"I haven't thought of one as yet."

"There's old Sneal, he'd clear you if anybody could."

Immerson shook his head.

"Won't have him, eh? Well, don't know's I blame ye. He's an old scamp anyhow; but it's going to take some tall arguments to clear you, I fear, Walt. You see, the man that came to our house had a warrant for you. He was an officer, and, it seems to me if you'd only held in—but blame it all I know how mad you was after that racket with sis, and you up and blazed away before you thought. Sis is part to blame and I told her so."

"And she feels that way——"

"Not exactly. She's in the dumps, all right enough though."

"Yes?"

Immerson was all attention now. He was anxious about Elnora. His heart ached for a word from her. It did not come in the manner he expected, however.

"She feels all shook up, of course. I've tried my best to have her talk about you, to tell something that might help you in the trial, but she is tight as a jug with a cob cork. She won't say a plum thing."

"Perhaps she is wise in not talking, Teddy," suggested Immerson.

"I wanted her to tell something about how things were when you went out that night. She says she don't remember. Blame me, but here, I forgot something."

The boy drew a package from the inside of his coat and placed it on the edge of the cot.

"What is it?" asked the prisoner.

"You'll see when you open it."

The boy's eyes snapped when Immerson undid the packet tied with a pink string. Two small golden cakes were disclosed. Ted chuckled.

"She cooked them herself, Walt. You see, she's heard that prisoners don't fare very well in this old jail, that's why she sent something to tempt your appetite. Cute thing to do, wasn't it, old man?"

WANTED YOUNG MEN

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, ELECTRIC INTERURBAN MOTORMEN, COLORED CAR PORTERS.
We prepare you by mail and assist you in securing a position immediately. Railway officials of 43 largest roads assisting school. Roads all over the country are now putting on men.

SPECIAL 30 DAY OFFER:
Owing to a large number of positions open we are letting students pay half tuition out of salary after being placed to work.
Great opportunity to enter the Railway Service. Write for Free Book. Address
INTER. RAILWAY CORR. INST.
Dept. A. Indianapolis, Ind.

"It was," assented the other, half-smiling. "Thank your sister for me, Ted."

"Yes, but what for?"

"For this thoughtful reminder of her cookery, of course."

The prisoner glanced at his boy friend and smiled. He wanted to ask some questions, yet hesitated. It seemed odd that Elnora should think first of his appetite. There was something more than carnal pleasures to hold one at such a time. His soul held a longing his lips would not utter. They had quarreled and he had left her in anger. Why had she not sent a note by Ted? It would have been a very natural thing to do. Instead of this cake!

"Good land, Walt, you don't have to thank sis for this. She couldn't cook a sour apple, let alone a honey cake like them. Guess when you'n sis connive up and go to keepin' house you'll find she don't ha'nt the kitchen much. Sho, she ain't that kind; she'll keep a cook, she will."

Immerson sat and stared stonily.

"But you said she cooked these——"

"Well, ain't there more than one she, Walt? It was Eve Lull that sent them cakes."

"Eve Lull!"

During all his trouble Immerson had never thought of the little maid who presided in the kitchen quarters up at Lightstone cottage. He remembered her as a rather pretty, quiet child. Ted walked to the grated window and came back, jerking his cap nervously.

"Yes, Eve Lull did that work, old man. She's the boss!"

The boy's eyes danced and he looked for some appreciation from his sober-eyed friend.

"It was very good of her," said Immerson, not particularly interested. He could not get his mind off Elnora.

"Not as I know of. Eve does things from a good heart. She's true blue, kind and thoughtful of everybody and everything. Why, she can't see a dumb brute suffer 'thout cryin'. That's a fact, Walt."

"Did she shed any tears when she heard that I was arrested?" queried Immerson in mock solemnity.

"I think she did. I wouldn't swear to it though. She cried when Steve Furray died. She felt sorry for you then, all right, Walt. You see, I told her you'd probably go up for life, and that dashed her at first. Now she goes about singing and blithe as a chickadee. When I asked her what made her feel so well, now that you was in jail, she looked at me, serious as a judge, and said slow and solemn, 'He ain't guilty, Teddy. They can't do anything to him, not a thing.' What do you think of that, Walt?"

"I think Miss Lull is as wise as kind."

"I said to her that it might be made out a case of self-defense, only that couldn't be, because Furray was an officer."

"You seem to have the right of it, boy."

"Yes, but Eve wasn't going to have it that way."

"No?"

"She said you didn't shoot Steve Furray."

Immerson sat up quickly and looked alive. His listlessness was gone in a flash. Even Ted noticed the change in his friend.

"I think," he said, "that you might work that racket on the court. I can't see no other way out, Walt. There's no chance to play the insanity dodge——"

"Not the least. I have no desire to escape in that way."

"No? Well, then, there's only one other way, Walt," declared the boy.

"And that is the true solution of the case, Teddy," said Immerson, exhibiting warmth. "Your kitchen girl has the right of it. I did not shoot Steve Furray."

"Stick to that, Walt, and with a smart lawyer you'll come out in good shape in the end," chuckled Ted.

"Certainly, I shall stick to it, Teddy. Why shouldn't I?"

"No reason why you shouldn't, of course, only——"

"Well, Ted?" as the lad hesitated.

"Only I'm afraid you were seen fighting the officer."

"How can that be? Believe me, Ted, when I tell you I had no hand in killing Steve Furray. I left the house and was gone before the battle took place. I did not even see it. This is the truth."

"Will you go on the stand and swear to that, Walt?"

"I shall if it becomes necessary."

A queer expression filled the eyes of Ted. He remembered what he had witnessed on the walk that fateful night in September. He had been positive that Immerson was the man who struggled with the sheriff. He had not seen his face, but the form was certainly that of the lumberman.

"I s'pose that 's the only way, Walt," said the boy at length. He meant to stand by his sister's betrothed in any event. He was satisfied that he shot the officer, but that it was done in supposed resistance to a tramp.

A key grated in the door. Their interview was at an end. Ted grasped his friend's hand as he turned to go. No message had come from Elnora. Immerson was not pleased at this. Surely that silly quarrel about timber thieves had been forgotten under this other, more terrible accusation.

"Tell Elnora that I am not guilty, Ted."

Despite his resolve to ignore the subject, Immerson could not keep back the words. Ted muttered something under his breath, and then the door swung open, the turnkey announcing the time was up for the interview.

After the door clanged to once more the prisoner sprang up and paced his cell with angry fierceness. He had other callers. Even Cantwell deigned to look in upon him. Their talk was constrained and unsatisfactory.

Cantwell went away satisfied of the prisoner's guilt. And this news, if such it might be termed, he carried to Elnora.

Immerson sat down at length and tasted one of Eve Lull's cakes.

"It's mighty fine!" he muttered. "That girl ought to be head chef in the Waldorf Astoria."

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

Northwoods courts do not drag as in the larger cities. The trial of Walter Immerson came on within ten days of his examination in justice court.

That trial was destined to be the talk of the county for many weeks. Very few doubted the guilt of the accused, and the greater number who did not doubt, believed the shot had been fired in self-defense.

However, this was not the plea made by counsel for the prisoner.

"We contend," said Lawyer Gragett, the able young defender of Immerson's interests, "that the prisoner not only did not fire the shot which killed Steve Furray, but that he was not on the spot at the time the killing took place."

The intense interest aroused brought out a crowd. The little courtroom was packed, Earnest discussions were held between citizens, some warmly contending for the prisoner, others denouncing him as a beastly murderer.

Ted Lightstone was an interested spectator of everything. He stood by his guns in defending Walter. The boy was puzzled at the turn affairs had taken. The wisest men in Boyd City said the defendant's lawyer had made a mistake. He should have admitted the shooting and asked an acquital on the grounds of self-defense. In the darkness it was easy enough to mistake the officer for a murderous tramp.

The boy had held many a heated argument with his companions, and once, so hot did the boys become, Ted was compelled to knock one of his opponents down in order to convince him that he had gone too far.

Even the elder citizens became choleric at times. The coming on of the trial was a great relief.

"I do hope," said Elnora, on the morning of the second day, "that I shall not be called into court."

"You, sis? What could you tell 'em?" asked Ted disdainfully.

"Nothing in favor of Walter, I fear."

"Well, by mighty, you won't go up there and tell 'em how you quarreled that night and sent Walt about his business. If you do——"

"Don't be alarmed, Teddy," said his sister, "I am not craving the job. Of course, if the court summons me, I shall have to go and testify."

"What could you tell 'em, sis?"

"Some things I would rather keep to myself, Ted."

"Yes, but what?"

"I am not under oath now, Bub."

"And I hope you won't be. It would be just like you to tell a lot of damaging stuff. You don't know who shot Furray now, do you, sis?"

"I saw the struggle, Ted."

"Did you, honest and true?" gasped the boy.

"Yes——"

"Why've you kept so mum about it then?" broke in Teddy indignantly.

"I did not wish to harm a friend."

"D'ye mean Walt?"

"Yes."

"Then keep mum now."

"I intend to unless they call me."

"And then you'll tell a lot of things?"

Ted regarded his sister with belligerent eyes.

"I shall tell the truth."

"Well, if you don't do anything but that, it won't hurt Walt."

"I am afraid it will, Teddy."

Miss Lightstone got up and walked to the window. She was deeply stirred. Some things in the past she regretted. Ted saw how pale her face was, and held his own opinions. He thought this ordeal would serve to bring the lovers together once more. But what did Elnora know about that tragedy on her own doorstep? She had not spoken much on the subject heretofore. Why was she speaking now? Ted was agog for information. He was due at the courtroom soon. He must know the worst.

"They've got a jury and begun taking testimony," said the boy, turning toward his sister. "Now tell me if Walter did shoot Furray?"

"Why ask that of me, Teddy?"

"Because I want to know."

Ted's face was white and eager.

"Well, then, yes, I think he did," said the tall girl bravely.

"Oh, you think he did!" snorted Ted. "Well, that won't hurt anybody. It don't matter a clamshell what you think. It's what you know that counts."

"But since you insist, I will say that I do know, Ted. I saw the tragedy and I have been nervous and shaky ever since. If Mr. Immerson had come to see me after that night I should have told him the truth and given back his ring."

"Elnora Lightstone, you're mean as dirt!" broke in Ted, his eyes blazing.

"But what ought I to do?" helplessly queried the girl.

"If you don't know I shan't tell ye," snapped Ted, turning to go. At the door he turned about, his face red, his hair bristling. "It's this way, sis. You keep mum. Stay right in till this trial is over and maybe they won't think of calling you. If I was in your shoes I'd stand up for the man I loved till the earth cracked. Oh, if it was Eve now. She'd stick by me till the cows came home." With that he turned and went out.

"The absurd boy," commented Elnora after Ted's departure.

On the following day Miss Lightstone was summoned to court as a witness for the prosecution. She went with trepidation. The prisoner's face went white when he saw her. She did not meet his gaze, however. There was no disputing the fact of Elnora's dread of this ordeal.

"You saw the meeting between the accused and Steve Furray?" queried the prosecutor after the preliminary questions were over.

"Yes, I saw the two meet on the walk."

"What then occurred?"

"A shot was fired and Mr. Furray ran to the porch and fell."

"Did you see the shot fired?"

"I did."

"Who fired?"

"It was the prisoner, Mr. Immerson."

There was sensation in the courtroom. Elnora's beauty and modest bearing affected court and people alike. The prisoner transfixed the witness with a keen, startled gaze. An instant thus, then a crimson stain shot over his beardless face.

"Now, Miss Lightstone," began Gragett when the witness was his for cross-examination, "you state positively that you saw this man Immerson shoot Steve Furray at the threshold of your home?"

"Yes, that is my statement."

"How about the night; was it dark or moonlight?"

"It was quite dark."

"Now, how could you tell persons and faces in such darkness?"

"Oh, I knew Mr. Immerson by his form. He is tall——"

"One moment, please. Did you see defendant's face that night?"

"At the time of the shooting?"

"At the time of the shooting?"

"No, but he had just left my presence, and I know it was he——"

"Stop," commanded the lawyer, raising a warning finger. "We want to get at facts, not surmises. If you did not see the face of the man who did the shooting, your evidence will not stand."

Elnora grew white, then red. She was angry and chagrined. She dared not trust herself to glance at the prisoner. She felt that his eyes were piercing through her very soul. And yet she held no malice. She was testifying to the facts as she understood them. Ted, not far away, grinned and hugged himself.

"Serves sis right," he chuckled. "She's mad at Walt, but she can't hurt him by that kind of talk."

"I would like to ask," said the prosecutor in re-direct, "if it was not light on the porch and walk before your house, Miss Lightstone? Was there a light shining from the windows?"

"Yes, quite a bright light."

"Then you easily recognized the man who held the pistol. It was Mr. Immerson as you have stated?"

"It was Mr. Immerson."

"That will do."

The prosecutor glanced about with a triumphant smile. A moment later the witness stepped down and the prosecution rested.

Gragett at once entered upon the defense. He dwelt upon the good citizenship of the accused, affirmed that it was totally out of reason to suppose that a man in his standing would shoot down a fellow being in cold blood. He then called the prisoner to make a statement.

Walter Immerson made a good impression as he told his story. He admitted that Officer Furray had a warrant for his arrest for trespassing on Government lands. Denied that he had intentionally done this, and stated that he escaped from the Lightstone cottage without encountering the officer.

We will not tire the reader with the verbatim account of his talk.

"I heard a pistol shot after reaching the sidewalk, but did not investigate," said Immerson in conclusion.

The prosecutor asked a few questions and the prisoner was allowed to step down. A solemn silence fell upon the room. Up to this time it looked dark for the accused. Ted was in the dumps when the voice of Gragett was heard calling another witness.

"Miss Eve Lull."

Ted pricked up his ears. Eve Lull! It was an astonisher to him. What could she unfold on this occasion? The chit would be scared out of her wits. What was Gragett thinking of to expect little Eve knew anything about the case? The boy's heart beat in sympathy for his little friend. It was a blamed shame to fetch her into this case he thought.

There was a surprise in store for the boy as well as others.

Eve took the stand and sat modestly waiting.

"You are a domestic at the Lightstone cottage, Miss Lull?"

"I am."

"Tell us what occurred on the evening of September 9th last."

The girl narrated the circumstances of Immerson's call on her mistress and of the tragedy that followed his departure.

"And you were present at the shooting of Steve Furray?"

"I saw the shot fired."

"Who fired the shot?"

"I do not know."

"Was it the prisoner at the bar?"

"It was not."

"How can you state positively?"

"I stepped upon the ground near the front porch and saw two men struggling. One thrust out a pistol and fired. I saw this plainly, because the lights from the parlor shone on the men."

"And you saw the face of the man who held the pistol?"

"I saw his face."

"Who was it?"

"It was a strange face to me."

"Was it the face of Mr. Immerson?"

"It was not."

"You may take the witness," and Gragett turned away smiling. He had sprung the sensation of the day. Even Elnora gasped in astonishment. The prisoner looked relieved.

The prosecutor tried in vain to shake the witness. Her credibility could not be feazed. Ted fairly glowed with enthusiasm. Eve had corroborated the testimony of Immerson, and the jury could do no otherwise than acquit.

When at length the lumberman found himself upon the street a free man, Ted was the first to congratulate him.

"Wasn't that great, the thing she did, Walt?" cried the jubilant boy. "You'll say Eve Lull's a brick, won't you?"

The young man assented with a smile.

"Now you must come over to our place and soothe sis. She's all dumped down at how things got mixed. I tell you she feels awful bad. Don't for a minute think she wanted to fetch you in guilty, Walt. Come over and see her, won't you?"

"Perhaps I had better," agreed the late prisoner.

Before they reached the cottage, boy and man were halted by a keen-eyed chap who produced a paper and read it. It proved to be the warrant for Immerson's arrest which the unfortunate Steve Furray had failed to serve.

CHAPTER VII.

AT LIGHTSTONE COTTAGE.

Immerson bit his lip with vexation. He had forgotten the smaller offense in entertaining the larger.

"I will attend to this immediately," he said.

"Yes, of course. You will go with me," said the server of the warrant significantly. There seemed no other way. Turning to his boy companion the lumberman said:

"Tell Elnora that I shall call during the day."

And then he walked away with the officer. Immerson had many friends in Boyd City who were on the top shelf of moneyed prosperity and who would not see a fellow capitalist suffer. It required but little time to fix his bonds, when he was free once more to do as he listed, only so he presented himself at the proper time to answer to the charge of Government trespass.

The young man's thoughts were bitter enough as he turned his steps once more in the direction of the Lightstone cottage. He owed all his troubles he believed, to Berry Cantwell, the sleek, smooth-spoken timberman of the Manistee. These two men were rivals in more senses than one. Elnora had smiled on both. In the lumber business Cantwell was even more deeply engaged than Immerson.

Had there been no warrant issued about the trespass affair there would have been no tragedy at the door of the Lightstone cottage. Cantwell had set the Government sleuths after him, and then came the affair on the evening of September 9th, which had come so near placing him in a felon's cell.

Eve Lull answered his ring and ushered him to the little parlor.

"Miss Lightstone is with her mother," she said, smiling and coloring under the lumberman's gaze. "She will soon be free to see you."

"I might call at another time," he suggested.

"Oh, no, stop now. Elnora is wishing to see you, Mr. Immerson."

The gentleman's eyes followed the girl as she quitted the room. He had never until now noticed how pretty Eve Lull was. Petite, animated, jolly. He had seen none of this jollity, but his good friend Ted made him wise in that respect. He owed his present freedom to the kitchen girl. He ought to have expressed himself about that. She was gone so quickly he had forgotten his sense of obligation. The frou-frou of a silken gown reminded him that there was another than Eve Lull about the place.

Elnora swept in with sober face. He held out a glad hand. She took it eagerly. Both stood ill at ease.

She did not ask him to sit. Her eyes were on the carpet. For the first time in his acquaintance with Elnora Lightstone the girl seemed embarrassed.

"I am glad that you are free," she finally articulated.

"Yes, free, thanks to Miss Lull," said he with peculiar emphasis.

She shuddered and drew away, her cheeks reddening.

"I—I don't know what that girl was thinking of," she said rather unkindly he thought. "How she could tell such a story under oath is beyond me. I was more astonished than I can tell."

"As were a great many others."

"Of course, you were among the number?"

She lifted her eyes to meet his gaze for the first time since her entrance.

"No."

"No? But surely you of all others know the girl lied?"

The blunt accusation shocked him. He stepped backward, dropping her hand. This tall beauty was very much to him—his betrothed wife. She had condemned him, even going into the witness box to swear away his life. It had been against her will he believed. He was trying hard to forgive her as he walked toward her home. To have her denounce the girl whose testimony had set him free stunned him.

"Elnora, why do you say that?" he found voice to at length articulate.

"I say it because it is true."

"Your testimony would have sent me to prison, Elnora—perhaps to a worse fate. A life was at stake and you swore against me."

"How could I do otherwise, Walter? I told simply the truth, as I was bound to do under my oath." Her voice was cold and unattractive. There came a distinct chill to the atmosphere.

"I suppose you told what you believed true," he answered.

"And it was true——"

"Hush, Elnora." He swept his hand through the air, gritting his teeth. "If I were a thousand times guilty you ought to have stood by me. Under like circumstances, with you in the place I occupied, I would have plucked out an eye sooner than have breathed a word against you. But I am not blaming you very much. Women are so queer."

He smiled and looked away. It was not a pleasant smile. The icy atmosphere was not warming very fast.

She said not a word, but walked across to the window and gazed into the street where a group of children were playing. She was by no means cordial in her greetings. He was distinctly disappointed at his reception.

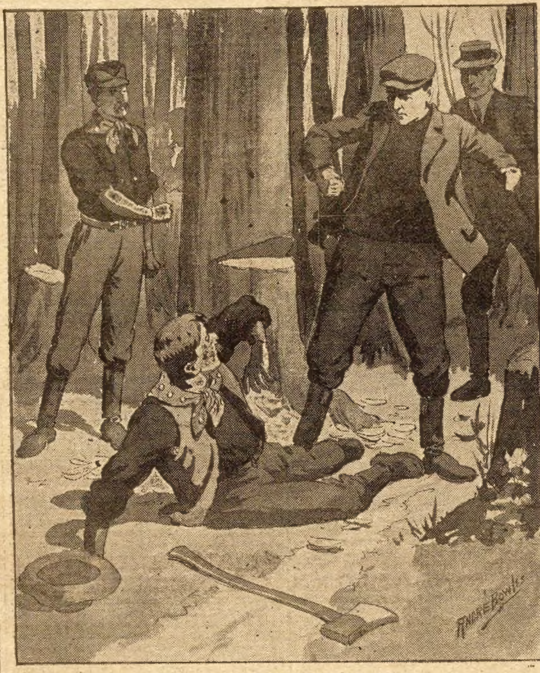
"I don't know that it is best to say what I came for," he spoke slowly, regarding her from under his wrinkled brows.

"You can say it if you like."

"On the whole, I believe it best not to do so."

"As you like, of course."

There was no warmth in her speech or manner. She was as freezing as a stranger. It cut him to the heart. She still sat in the gloom of her belief in his guilt. This troubled him. He was not quite ready to blame her for what she could not help. At length he approached and touched her soft gown with his fingers. His eyes were full of a longing he illy tried to suppress.



He measured his length on the ground.

"Elnora, oh, Elnora!" exclaimed he in sudden excess of feeling. "You have so bitterly wronged me. I was too proud to deny that charge made by the man who hates the very ground I tread. You wanted, nay you expected me to deny it. I was wrong and acknowledge it now. Don't feel hard toward me, dearest. You know my heart beats only for you——"

"Please, don't."

She turned toward him a white and troubled face.

"But I cannot rest under any of the fearful charges——"

"Walter, I would prefer not to listen."

She stood glued in her tracks, distressed and half-ashamed. He was not to be put aside unheard. His nature was masterful when aroused. He had been on nettles ever since his discharge from the clutch of the law. He thought only of Elnora and her evidence, which he knew was reluctantly given. He advanced, laid a strong arm about the girl's slender waist and almost crushed her in his embrace. She made no attempt to escape, but suffered him to have his way. It was a hot denial of every accusation that fell from his lips. She should know all as it was known to him. He told of his troubles with Cantwell and his belief that he, instead of himself, was the trespasser on Government preserves. In the end he threw himself completely upon the mercy of his fair fiancee.

"I have told you the exact facts, Elnora, and am willing to abide the decision of the girl I love," were his concluding words.

Her head drooped to his shoulder. She lay there sobbing for many minutes. Her cold crust of defiance was broken at last. It pleased him to have her thus affected. It was her heart speaking now as it had never done before. He permitted her to cry silently for a time, believing she would be the better for this baptism of grief.

"I—I have been a very wicked girl," she articulated at length, raising a tear-wet face to his gaze. "How can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, that's easy," and he laughed as he pressed a kiss on her red lips.

He led her to a chair, seating himself beside her. The chat that followed was full of sweet hopes for the future. He would require nothing more from her, save simple faith in his integrity till this nasty timber-steal was settled, after which Cantwell should feel an honest man's wrath.

The lovers were reconciled. Immerson passed from the house, glowing with happiness, to meet Berry Cantwell passing up the walk. The latter smiled and held out his hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT BLACK ELBOW AGAIN.

The sight of his rival angered Immerson. Since becoming reconciled to Elnora, however, he felt too good to act ugly. He did not seem to see the hand held out to him.

"How are you, Walt?" questioned the lumber baron.

"Well enough," retorted Immerson.

Since Cantwell stood in the path Immerson was compelled to halt or turn aside. The two men confronted each other grimly.

"I am glad to hear it, old man. Now, I don't want you to lay anything up against me. It was not I that instituted these proceedings against you."

"How about the timber trouble?"

Immerson was cold and distant. He understood that this man was currying favor now that he (Immerson) had escaped the trap set for his undoing.

"Government, boy, Government."

"You know better."

"Eh, do you mean——"

"I mean that you are a liar, Berry Cantwell, and a low-down sneak!"

With that Immerson turned to the right and passed on. Cantwell stood half-turned, glaring angrily after. His teeth gleamed in a sardonic grin, and his hands fell to a hard protuberance at his hip.

"No," after a moment of hesitancy, "I'll not molest you, Walt Immerson. The law will put you where you belong. Confound your impudence!"

Cantwell went to the cottage and entered. Immerson never once gave him a second glance. Secure in the love of his betrothed, the young Manistee lumberman cared not for the movements of his rival. Of course, Elnora would tell him the truth, and that would put a stop to his visits.

A fortnight must elapse ere the young man would be called to answer the charges of timber theft in open court. Immerson was anxious to forward the work in the woods, and so hurried his return thither.

He found everything moving along under an efficient foreman. Immerson was soon closeted with Ferguson. The latter was smiling and happy.

"It's just as I told you, boss," said the young foreman. "The cutting of Government timber has been done, but we folks ain't the ones guilty."

"You have run the lines, Ferguson?"

"Yes, with old Fransway, and although there was a big pine cut across the line down near the creek, I ordered the men to leave the tree. Not a blamed log has been cut on Uncle Sam."

"Good enough," and Immerson's eyes sparkled. He could checkmate his enemy and frustrate all his schemes he believed.

"But there's something else," and young Ferguson rubbed his palms.

"Yes?"

"Fransway tells me that Cantwell's men have cut a lot of trees on Government side. It's plain as day that he's the chap'll have to pay the fiddler instead of you."

This was good news indeed. Immerson smoked up vigorously. He offered his case to Ferguson, who selected a cigar and kept his employer company.

"I suppose Cantwell has been down?" spoke Immerson after a brief pause.

"Oh, yes, he has been on the job over there; he went away a few days ago, however; back to Boyd City, I reckon."

"Yes, he is back there now," returned the lumberman with a grim smile. "He managed to have the warrant served that Sheriff Furray got out for me. He imagines that I will lay down, but he will soon find his mistake. An Immerson never squeals."

"No."

Ferguson gazed admiringly at the calm

(Continued on page eleven.)

ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM
ASTHMA?
WE GIVE YOU
Immediate Relief, Comfort and Cure.
Send at once for
FREE TRIAL TEST TREATMENT
PRESCRIBED FOR YOU
BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS UNDER CONSULTATION upon your case. Also a Booklet explaining the *FRONTIER'S METHODS.* We are Specialists in *ASTHMA* and *ASSOCIATED DISEASES.*
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO.,
Room 1-W, Niagara and Hudson Streets,
BUFFALO, - - - NEW YORK.

GREENBACKS Pack of $2,220 Im't Confederate Bills and 2 presents 10c; 3 packs 25c. Send for a pack and show the boys what a WAD you carry. C. A. Nichols, Jr., Box 52, Chili, N. Y.

GENUINE SOLID ROLLED GOLD Lords Prayer or Initial Bangle Pin or Emerald Ring. Warranted 3 years Choice 15c Both 25c. Order To-day & learn how to get a premium free for giving us names. W. H. MAY Mfg Co., CINCINNATI, O.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Confidential.
Dr. R. G. CONTRELL, successor to HARRIS INSTITUTE
Room 539 400 W. 23d St., New York

Greider's Book on Poultry
Shows and describes sixty breeds, and lowest prices of stock and eggs. All details—hatching, raising, buildings, egg production, disease, etc. Fifteen handsome chromos. 10c postpaid.
Greider's Germicide keeps fowls healthy.
B. H. GREIDER, Rheems, Pa.

NO HAIR NO PAY
We grow hair on baldest heads. Only requires a short time to stop falling hair and cure any scalp disease. Enclose stamp. Particulars free.
E. S. JACKSON & CO.
DEPT. E-1 KALAMAZOO, MICH.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTRY
and Almanac for 1909 contains 220 pages, with many fine colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's really an encyclopædia of chickendom. You need it. Price only 15cts.
C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 677, FREEPORT, ILL.

Sent on Approval. Send No Money. $1.50
WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH
Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 2¼ oz. 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit $1.50 in ten days, or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, etc.
Anna Ayers, Dept. 12
17 Quincy St. Chicago.

AGENTS The latest, most useful quick selling novelty ever put out is our 2-PIECE Dinner Pail Set
Set consists of steel knife and fork with polished wood handles, brass riveted, sliding each into the other, as shown. Every working man buys one at sight. Get it while it's new. Write today for special proposition.
D. THOMAS MFG. CO. 18 Barney Block, Dayton, O.

PERFECTLY DEVELOPED BUST
I assert and will prove to you that my new, perfected, natural method (*the true secret*) DEVELOPS the BUST quickly, naturally and perfectly. Thin cheeks, scrawny neck and arms made plump and beautiful. New Illustrated BEAUTY BOOK containing information how to develop yourself at home will be sent you in plain envelope FREE.
Address HAZEL STUART, Secy.
20 East 22d St., New York, N. Y.

Earn a Month's Salary
In a Few Days.
You can do it. A few hours' work daily makes it possible for any man to develop a business that will give him an income of $4.00 to $8.00 a day clear profit and be his own boss. You simply take orders and measures for our medium-priced suits, overcoats and trousers, for Spring and Summer, 1909. Suits and overcoats $10.00 and up; trousers $3.00 and up. We supply everything necessary to give you a good start, including 200 samples arranged in an attractive manner in a traveling case. Write for further particulars and territory. WARRINGTON WOOLEN & WORSTED MILLS, Dept. 8, 175 Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

BRASS BAND Instruments The Best
Let us send you our big new catalog of 312 pages full of illustrations of Band and Orchestra Instruments. If you want the best you must have a "Lyon & Healy" Cornet—sent anywhere on trial and approval. See our unequaled endorsements of leading players. New bands can also get better and cheaper outfits from us than elsewhere. Complete Sets from $80 upward. New Champion Cornets, $8.00. Monthly payments may be arranged. Old Instruments taken in exchange.
FROM
LYON & HEALY
61 Adams Street, CHICAGO.

RUPTURE CURED
STUART'S ADHESIVE PLASTER-PAD PAT. ALLOWED
Stuart's Plaster-Pads are self-adhesive, and hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles, or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The pads contain a medicine which is kept constantly in contact and is gradually absorbed, thereby quickly curing the most obstinate cases. Hundreds have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Guaranteed under National Pure Food & Drugs Law. Write to-day and "Trial of Treatment," with interesting book, will be sent FREE
Address STUART PLASTER-PAD CO., Block 44 St. Louis, Mo.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post-office or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.60 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

750,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

The door of hope swings both ways.

It's always the open season for hunting trouble.

A man is generally true to his first love—himself.

High living is the limit of many a man's lofty ideals.

The first person to forget a favor is the receiver thereof.

It doesn't take a blunt person long to come to the point.

From the big-headed man's viewpoint this is a tiny world.

The girl who smacks of freshness get a good many smacks.

Cleaning upsets a house almost as badly as it does a watch.

Most of the free advice we get is worth just about that much.

Talk of spirits at a seance is listened to with rapped attention.

Being chief of the Russian secret police is quite a fatal occupation.

All women would want religion if it was good for the complexion.

Mr. Taft is working up his golf stroke with his usual intrepidity.

A fool friend can wield a hammer as effectually as a bitter enemy.

A woman cares not who saves the money if she is allowed to spend it.

And you may sometimes judge a man by the company that doesn't keep him.

Pennsylvania, luckily, has some capacious prisons for its home-made grafters.

Graft is nothing new under the sun, but a Pittsburg flashlight photograph of it is.

Moreover, 1909 will not have President Roosevelt around all the time to tell it how.

Many of those who have given the water wagon a thorough trial say they prefer it to any other vehicle.

A man isn't necessarily an ex-convict because he doesn't care to talk about himself. He may be afflicted with modesty.

We are now far enough removed from Christmas to view it calmly and admit to ourselves that it may be a good thing after all.

And it sometimes happens that one can judge by appearances. Many a woman seems strait-laced because she is laced that way.

By the time all the Christmas cigars have been smoked the man will be a candidate either for the hospital or for the resolution brigade.

Nearly everybody will have to work nights if he succeeds in accomplishing before the end of the year all he set out to do at the beginning.

It is an excellent idea to practice being good for about half an hour each morning and evening this week, so as to be in condition to keep the New Year's resolutions without fatigue.

Horace Whitlock's Sister;

Or, In Central American Jungles

By George Ethelbert Walsh, Author of "The Mysterious Burglar," etc.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 52, December 26. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

ONCE more, in broad daylight, we breathed easier. We turned toward the window to express our appreciation of the light streaming through the narrow opening.

"No more rat holes for me," growled Belmont. "I prefer the sky-line of my prison yard to any secret underground passage."

Turning to Whitlock, he added:

"Now, senor, we're ready for your story. How did you get in that prison?"

The rescued man started and trembled, and with fists clenched asked:

"How did you get here?"

"Oh, we came as the guests of his distinguished highness, Senor James Farnley, the Secretary of State of this up-start Republic," was the cool rejoinder.

"James Farnley!" stammered Whitlock. "Why, he was imprisoned, too."

"Indeed! By whom, and where?"

"By those rebels—the revolutionists at Zaroqua."

"Where was he imprisoned—not here with you?"

"No, we were all separated, Mr. Farnley, my sister—poor Flo! I wonder if anything has happened to her!"

The speaker's voice trailed off into a lament, but Belmont held him to his story with the sharp inquiry:

"Your sister was made a prisoner, too?"

"Yes, she was brought to the island with me, but we were separated after we landed. She may be here now, but I—I fear for her safety. It's terrible to think of her being a prisoner among such fiends."

The agitation of the man was too great for him to proceed, and we waited until he could recover before plying him with further questions. After a considerable interval Belmont said quietly:

"So you think Senor Farnley is a prisoner, too? Well, senor, your old friend has grieviously deceived you. Instead of being a prisoner, he's practically the head and leader of this revolution. He's only called Secretary of State of the Republic of Berango, but I'll miss my guess if he doesn't put Carolus in prison or out of business before he is through with this little affair."

Whitlock started incredulously at the speaker.

"But he was captured and taken a prisoner with me," he murmured in defense of his story.

"It was a mere farce—a part of the game. Farnley's too shrewd to be captured in that way. He's a first-class villain."

"Yes, the world would call him that, but he was legitimately captured and imprisoned."

The pale face had a pathetic expression, and the dejected figure, languid with foul prison air and dampness, stiffened a little at this attempted defense of a friend. It seemed the right moment to indicate our position, and I asked quietly:

"Do you suppose Farnley had you imprisoned and sent here to starve, so he could get all of the stolen money?"

The hands of the man dropped to his side, and the tongue essayed to moisten the dry, parched lips. The voice was husky, but not confident, as he asked:

"What stolen money?"

"The two hundred thousand dollars stolen from the International Rubber Corporation," I responded promptly.

The eyes grew brilliant in their intensity, and the muscles of the jaw were drawn rigidly. To my surprise he murmured in confession:

"You know of that?"

I replied with equal frankness: "That is why I am here."

We exchanged glances. His eyes wavered and then dropped before mine. There was a collapse of all resistance.

"You're a detective on our trail?" he said simply, with a note of relief in the voice. "Then I am glad of it. I'm ready to go back with you and confess all. This experience in this underground hole has brought me to my senses."

"Yes, an American prison is preferable to a life of freedon in this quarter of the globe," Belmont remarked.

Whitlock made no reply to this comparison, and I asked eagerly:

"Has Farnley the money with him?"

"He had it when we were taken prisoners, but I suppose it has been taken from him by the revolutionists."

"Carolus may have it by this time," Belmont said. "He has a peculiar weakness for the glitter of American gold."

"Tell us the story of your capture and imprisonment," I commanded, anxious to get at the details of the mystery.

"It was several days after we reached Berango," Whitlock responded. "We had been received kindly, and had no thought of danger. Then there came rumors of a revolution, but we paid little attention to it. Mr. Farnley appeared the most disturbed over the reports, and on the second day he had an interview with General Carolus. The general promised us protection in the event of trouble. This quieted our fears, and Flo showed her relief of mind over the situation. Mr. Farnley was still skeptical, and even talked about some method of escape to Porto Blanco if hostilities should begin. The possession of so much money made him think we would be the first victims of the uprising. He didn't seem to realize that our possession of the treasure was a secret, but continued to suspect every one who approached him.

"Then suddenly, without warning, we were arrested. We were merely held as suspicious persons. Our release was promised later, but for safe keeping we were taken to this island in the Gulf. Farnley accompanied us to the island, but after landing we were separated and taken to different cells. I was sent to that underground hole and fed on bread and water. Mr. Farnley, I suppose, was sent to another cell, and poor Flo——"

The voice choked with emotion, and the eyes filled with tears.

"And you never saw your sister again?"

The man shook his head negatively, still too agitated to trust his voice.

"Then it is our duty to find her," replied Belmont. "We must get out of this place tonight and search the island for her."

This decision was easier made than executed. As we looked across the courtyard and observed the sentry beyond, it was not a simple proposition to invent a plan to circumvent him. Even with our freedom achieved, we would still face the more difficult work of finding Miss Whitlock. We stood silent and uncommunicative watching the indolent sentry above.

Belmont was the first to speak again. "We might plan to dispose of this sentry under cover of darkness," he reflected thoughtfully. "But I'm not sure what we might find beyond the walls of this courtyard."

"The safest way is to climb up and inspect our surroundings before we commit ourselves definitely," I cautioned. "When it gets dark enough, a human ladder of three might reach the top of that wall. They didn't figure upon having three of us here in one courtyard."

"Excellent, senor," replied Belmont. "The means of escape is provided by Senor Whitlock's presence. As soon as it is dark enough we'll make the attempt."

CHAPTER XI.

The west side of the courtyard slipped into shadows early in the afternoon, and the last faint glow of the departing sun had barely faded away when darkness surrounded us. We slipped quietly from our room and closely skirted the edge of the wall. The sentries had been changed, but the new ones were as indolent and non-observant as their predecessors. The warm evening air seemed to have a soporific effect upon them, and they scarcely moved their position once in half an hour.

Directly over our prison room was a narrow balcony. A ledge of stone ran half-around the old building at this point, with windows opening directly upon it. We could see the iron bars which guarded these windows. A sentry rested peacefully on the ledge in full view of the court.

We waited anxiously for the shadows to creep to the upper part of the old monastery and inclose the guard in a shroud of darkness. When only the sparkle of his cigarette, or the flash of a hastily-struck match was visible, we prepared for our daring escape. We stripped the coats from our backs and knotted them in a clumsy rope. Belmont stood close to the side of the wall and Whitlock climbed to his shoulders. It was fifteen feet to the top of the wall, and Whitlock's head fell short by only a scant four feet.

It was my duty to scale this insecure human ladder. A slight misstep or miscalculation would break the equilibrium of the two men, and I climbed slowly and cautiously from shoulder to shoulder. When my hands touched the edge of the wall I drew myself up quickly to relieve the strain on my companions.

It was lighter up there, and the reflection from distant harbor lights seemed to bathe me in a conspicuous glow. But there was no time to anticipate danger. I dropped one end of the knotted rope to Whitlock. With the strength and agility of the trained athlete he lifted his weight upward, and in another moment lay panting on the stone wall by my side.

Belmont made the climb with more slowness and difficulty. The lower end of the rope barely touched his outstretched hands. But by a slight upward leap he grasped it firmly and worked his way to the top by a series of wriggles and sharp jerks.

We breathed easier when we lay flat on the stone wall and took observation of our surroundings. The opposite side of the wall opened into a series of courtyards. There was no escape that way except by climbing over several other stone walls of equal height. We reconnoitered our position without whispering a word. Whatever impressions were made on our different minds were kept to ourselves.

Then suddenly our meditations were interrupted by the appearance of two sentries approaching from opposite directions. Beyond the shadow of a doubt they had been attracted by the noise we had made, and they were now focusing toward us.

In the opposite direction was the wall of the monastery with a single guard on the ledge. There was little choice between the two dangers. If the stone ledge continued around the whole building there was a possibility of our dropping off into some place not inclosed by a wall.

Motioning to my companions to follow, I took the lead, and cat-like, proceeded to crawl along the wall to the lonely sentry on guard above us. The man was already stirring uneasily. The approach of the other two sentries had aroused him. When within twenty feet of him I resorted to a ruse to divert his attention from the real point of attack. Picking up a pebble from the crumbling mortar of the wall, I dropped it in the courtyard below. The man leaned far over the ledge. I followed up the advantage by dropping another loose stone.

This time the man nearly lost his balance in trying to look below. It was my opportunity, and before he could recover himself I ran lightly along the top of the wall and reached his side. He turned with a start and tried to bring his gun to position. But I was too quick for him and snatched the barrel-end in time to turn it away.

The gun belched forth its murderous volley into empty air, but the reverberating report sounded an alarm that made our position precarious. The sentry, seeing three men rise up before him, lost his nerve, and with a yell dropped off the ledge. We heard him strike the court below, but whether safely or not, we could not judge.

"Now, senor, we'd better get under cover," drawled Belmont at my elbow. "That will bring the whole garrison out."

"It's through one of these windows," I replied.

I swung the stock of the gun against the window and smashed the glass and sash to splinters.

"Iron bars, senor," gasped Belmont, "but we've got to go through them."

He tugged fiercely at the bars and tried to force them apart. A bullet whistled close to our heads and flattened itself on the stone wall. A dozen pattering footsteps echoed through the courtyards and on the top of the stone walls. We flung our combined weight against the iron bars, and they yielded slowly to the pressure.

"I can squeeze through, senor," Belmont announced hoarsely. "I'll get a better brace inside."

His body was wedged half-through the opening and then stuck. I used the gun-barrel as a lever and with a sharp lurch, snapped one of the bars apart. Another volley of bullets warned us that delay was fatal.

"Crawl through," I cried to Whitlock.

Belmont disappeared inside and Whitlock wormed his way between the broken bars. I was half-through the opening when a single shot from inside startled us. It was fired at close range, and in the room its sound was magnified a thousand times. The blinding flash of the light gave us a momentary glimpse of the place into which we had forced our way. It was a large, square room, but whether occupied by one or a dozen, we could not say.

"I stopped that lead sure enough," groaned Belmont, dropping to the floor.

"Get away from the window," I cautioned, "and separate."

The strength of the enemy confronting us was a problem that sorely puzzled us. But whether weak or strong we had, to grapple with him. Another blinding flash and report startled us. This time I was better prepared to take in our surroundings. Although the bullet was apparently aimed at me and whizzed uncomfortably close to my head, I could see that only one person faced us in the dark.

And that one person was a woman, clothed in a white dress, and standing in tragic attitude to guard her honor and life!

For an instant I remained speechless. My mind was too confused to grasp the significance of the apparition.

But another had recognized our enemy. Whitlock sprang forward in the darkness and cried:

"Flo! Flo! Do not shoot again! We are friends!"

I heard a responsive cry, and brother and sister were sobbing in each other's arms. There was no time to waste in sentiment, however, for every moment our position was growing more critical. I approached the couple and asked quickly of Miss Whitlock:

"Is there any exit from this room to the front of the building?"

I struck a match at the same time to satisfy my own eyes. As I did so I looked upon a tear-stained face of wondrous beauty. In the fitful glare of the match's brief light the tumbled hair, pallid cheeks and frightened eyes made a picture to im-

THEN AND NOW

Complete Recovery From Coffee Ills.

"About nine years ago my daughter, from coffee drinking, was on the verge of nervous prostration," writes a Louisville lady. "She was confined for the most part to her home.

"When she attempted a trip down town she was often brought home in a cab and would be prostrated for days afterwards.

"On the advice of her physician she gave up coffee and tea, drank Postum, and ate Grape-Nuts for breakfast.

"She liked Postum from the very beginning and we soon saw improvement. Today she is in perfect health, the mother of five children, all of whom are fond of Postum.

"She has recovered, is a member of three charity organizations and a club, holding an office in each. We give Postum and Grape-Nuts the credit for her recovery."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

press any man. Only for a moment were we permitted to gaze upon the face. Then the match went out, and the picture vanished.

"There are two ways out," she answered, "but they're both guarded and locked. This is my sleeping room, and the other room opens upon the front court."

I strode through the room and looked out of the front windows. A dozen soldiers were swarming up from the barracks. Escape in that direction was permanently cut off.

"We can't fight our way through there," I muttered. "We must barricade ourselves in for the present."

It was apparent that we had merely exchanged one prison for another, but the conditions were vastly improved, and besides we had Miss Whitlock.

"Barricade the doors," I commanded sharply. "We'll hold them off for the present."

Whitlock and his sister sprang to my assistance. In the dark we pushed such articles of furniture as we could lay hands upon against the two doors. The rooms were amply furnished with heavy furniture, and when the bolts of the door slipped in their rusty locks we felt fairly secure against a sudden attack.

But in our haste we had forgotten to cover our retreat. A noise in the rear attracted our attention. Almost instantaneously there was a sharp report of a gun. But it was the last the sentry ever fired, for like the echo of the first report, the crack of my pistol rang out. The man turned, reeled a moment, and then fell headlong through the window and off the stone ledge.

Miss Whitlock uttered a suppressed scream, and I turned to see if the sentry's bullet had struck her.

"No, no, I'm not hurt," she replied hysterically. "It was only my nerves."

"Look after your sister, Whitlock," I said. "I will guard the window. But where is Belmont?"

I could not answer my own question, and as Belmont did not respond, I devoted my attention to the windows. A few shots drove the soldiers to cover, and with sharp twists and pulls I closed the iron bars so that no one could crawl through. It was impossible to close the broken shutter, but the window was safe against unexpected intrusion.

CHAPTER XII.

With the window securely protected in the back, I turned to examine the front. Three narrow windows opened on this side. They were not guarded by iron bars, but a sheer descent of twenty feet to the stone pavement below made escape or attack impossible.

"We're safe in that quarter," I muttered with a sigh of relief. Then addressing Miss Whitlock, I asked: "Is there any other exit from the rooms?"

"There is a door in the back," she answered. "But it is locked and barred from the inside."

"I want to inspect it," I said, anxious to explore the place. "Please show me the way."

I struck a match and held it over my head. The light flashing in the darkness revealed to me again the superb form and face of the woman. I understood Belmont's extravagant praises of her.

She led the way through the large room to a smaller one, and thence into a narrow hall. At the further end of this was a closed door, built of solid wood and locked and barred on the inside. It was firmly set in the frame of logwood and the bar extended to iron bolts driven in the stone sides.

"Nobody can break through that without a battering ram," I said after a momentary inspection. "Now we'll return to the front."

The flickering match went out, and in the darkness I stumbled awkwardly against the stone wall.

"Let me take your hand," Miss Whitlock said gently. "I know the way with my eyes closed."

I accepted the proffered kindness, and experienced a thrill of pleasure as the soft palm touched mine. But almost instantaneously the fingers closed with a clutch and she shrank back with a little exclamation of dismay.

"There—there's something here," she gasped, retreating. "It's—it's on the floor, I think. I may be nervous, but——"

I stepped ahead of her and struck a match. I was not prepared to see the body of a man stretched at full length at our feet, and the shock made me recoil a little. The face was turned from us, but I judged from the limp figure that he was dead or unconscious.

Miss Whitlock gasped, shrinking further back:

"What does it mean?"

Something familiar in the clothes made me lean hastily forward. Then, when the light of the match showed me a side of the face, I exclaimed in surprise:

"Why, it's Belmont!"

I turned him over and smeared my hand with blood. It dawned upon me then that I had not heard Belmont speak since we entered the apartments. Yes, one expression had left his lips. I recalled it suddenly with painful vividness.

"'I stopped that lead sure enough,' he had exclaimed when he first dropped into the room."

"How stupid of me," I said, tearing away the collar and opening his shirt. "He was shot by you, and he's fainted—or dead."

"I shot him?" Miss Whitlock queried in dismay.

"Yes, when we entered your room. I heard him say it, but I forgot it."

"Oh, is he dead?"

We both knelt by his side. Miss Whitlock raised his head on her lap, unmindful of the blood that soiled her hands and dress. I tried anxiously to detect the fluttering of the heart.

"We must have a light," I called. "Can you get one?"

There was danger in carrying a light in the apartment, but in obedience to my request she produced a candle and lighted it. By its aid we examined the stricken face and tried to staunch the flowing blood. The eyes were closed and the lips thin and bloodless. For a time it seemed as if death had paid an untimely visit to us.

But the consul was strong of body and physically adapted to withstand injury. Under our vigorous treatment he finally opened his eyes and gazed at us. Miss Whitlock bathed his forehead and lips with cooling water.

"Are you better?" she asked in an agitated whisper.

Belmont nodded affirmatively, but essayed no word of speech. The eyelids fluttered weakly and closed again. The soothing hand of his nurse stroked his hair and forehead and silently imparted new life to the mind and body.

She was engaged in this occupation when Whitlock came out of the corridor, attracted by the light, and stood staring at us. I rose from my position and told him briefly of the accident. Then passing out of the room, I added:

"You stay here with your sister and help her. It is not safe to leave the front unguarded."

For half an hour I kept up the vigil, alertly watching the broken window and the barricaded door in front. An attack from either side was momentarily expected. It was unlikely that our enemies would leave us in peace for any great length of time.

When Whitlock finally appeared, I asked him with some concern how Belmont was.

"He is sleeping on my sister's bed," was the response. "Flo is a good nurse, and he doesn't seem to be dangerously hurt."

In the darkness a silence fell between us. It was a relief to know that Belmont was not seriously wounded, for we could not spare one of our number. When the attack came every fighting unit would count.

"We must keep a close watch on the window and the door," I remarked after a long pause. "We must not be taken by surprise. We have three pistols between us, counting your sister's, and the gun which I took from the sentry. We must use them to good effect."

Whitlock walked toward the broken window and peered out. A few lights flickered in the courtyards below, but otherwise there was an ominous stillness.

"It is not wise to expose yourself at the window," I cautioned. "They may take a shot at you, and we can't afford to have another wounded on our hands."

He started and replied earnestly:

"No, we must protect ourselves for Flo's sake."

Then in an anxious voice he asked:

"Do you think Mr.——"

"Ardsley," I said, supplying him with the desired information.

"Grey Ardsley," he repeated with a little surprise. Then in a subdued voice added: "I have heard of you—of your exploits in the Mannering affair. I should feel flattered that such a detective should be sent to trace me."

His voice trailed off into sadness and seemed to forget the words it was uttering. Something in the young man attracted me, and with a common danger facing us, I was inclined to make him forget our peculiar relationships. But there was something on his mind which made him silent. Twice he seemed on the point of speaking, and then changed his mind.

"Our danger may not be immediate," I said, wishing to break the unpleasant pause. "They may not attack us, but try to starve us out."

"Possibly," he retorted apathetically.

Then with a sudden gulp and twist of his body, he turned toward me and added:

"You know, of course, all about that embezzlement of mine?"

I nodded, but made no further comment.

"Well," with increasing agitation and furtive looks toward the other room, "I thought we might keep it from Flo for the present. She knows nothing about it, and—it might upset her. She has implicit confidence in me."

"She knows nothing about it?" I said sharply, but with a note of relief in my voice.

"No, she thinks me honest, and it might kill her to find it out now. She knew we had considerable money with us, but she thought it belonged to Mr. Farnley. We were going to invest it here and get rich in rubber land. That is the story we told her in New York. She would never have come with us had she known the truth."

"But she can't be kept in ignorance forever," I rejoined.

He replied with a sigh: "When I am dead it won't matter. I shall probably never leave this country alive, even if I do get out of this place."

I must have made an unconscious movement of surprise, for he added quickly, as if in answer to my unexpected question:

"Oh, no, I don't intend to make a break for liberty. You helped me get out of that underground prison, and I'm grateful enough to you. I shall return to New York with you and stand trial if nothing intervenes. I pledge you that."

"A suicide is worse than a thief," I answered quietly, surmising the trend of the man's thoughts.

He laughed nervously. "I didn't mean that either," he replied. "I shall not commit suicide. If death comes it shall be in the ordinary way and not through any fault or connivance of mine. I simply have a feeling that I shall never leave this country alive. So I ask, as a special favor, if you will keep all knowledge of my crime from my sister until—until such time as it becomes necessary for her to be informed. Then—then—I hope I shall be dead."

The face, even in the darkness, had a pathetic expression, and the simple request, uttered in a natural, boyish voice, brought a quick response from me. There was no denying what seemed almost like a doomed man's prayer. When I had promised to respect his wishes his spirits changed, and he said quietly:

"Then I will join you in the quest for Farnley. If I go back, Farnley goes, too. I shall give him no rest in this country. I begin to realize his treachery now. He deceived me and left me to rot in that prison. There is a long score to settle between us."

"Farnley was your former friend?" I questioned, anxious to lead him into further self-confession.

"He professed to be, and I thought so until now. I see now that his friendship has, in truth, been my unmaking."

There was a pause, broken finally by this strange question:

"Do you believe in hypnotism?"

I shook my head negatively.

"Neither do I—never did—and yet I verily believe that Farnley came pretty near to hypnotizing me. Oh, don't think I'm trying to play the baby act and shift my crime on other shoulders. I'm willing to take my punishment, but I want to say—and I ask you to repeat it to my sister when I'm gone—that I'm not bad at heart, nor a criminal by instinct or choice. I've been a weak little fool and a coward without the courage to say no when it was necessary. That's all there is to it."

"You've told so much, or rather hinted at peculiar relations between you and Farnley," I replied, "why not make a clear breast of it and tell all? For the sake of your sister you should intrust me with a complete confession."

"There's little worth repeating. It's an old story to you by this time, it's been enacted so many times. I was a decent sort of chap before I began to play the races, and honest, too, I thought. But like many another young man I lost and won in a moderate way, and kept at it just for the mild excitement. I hadn't the courage to play for heavy stakes. I'm constitutionally unfit for a good gambler. I could never have made a plunger on the race track or in Wall street for that simple reason—that is, not alone.

"I met Farnley at the track, was introduced to him by a respectable associate, and we became fast friends. He showed a preference to my society, and his unusual looks and disposition exercised a certain fascination for me. I liked him, and at the same time feared him. He was friendly and performed a number of services for me. He tried to explain the mysteries of playing the races, and I followed his advice. It nearly always turned out right, and I began to win money more than I lost. He had a system which seemed always to work, and he obtained tips from inside sources which I found were invariably reliable.

"All this made me trust Farnley's judgment implicitly. I bet on the horses he selected, and sometimes put up heavy stakes to show my confidence in him. I was really several thousand dollars ahead of the game when the great racing event of the season approached. On that day Farnley came to me with great news. He knew for a certainty the winner. He had inside information, and it was the psychological moment for me to take a big risk and win a fortune. I hesitated and trembled at the thought. The consequences would be terrible if I should lose.

"Well, I yielded, finally, and scraped together all the money I had in the world. I even borrowed some from Flo, and got some from a number of friends. The excitement of the event made me forget my usual conservatism. It was a fortune within my grasp, and reasoning from the past, I was sure to win.

"But it was the gambler's chance. There was some sort of hitch in the program—a throw-down among the bookmakers somewhere. I never rightly learned all the inside details. The horse I staked my money on lost, and I was in debt—in debt to my friends, my sister and to Farnley. It was a serious shock to me, and I was nearly prostrated. But Farnley took it good-naturedly. It was simply a turn in the wheel of fortune. The next turn would win back all I had lost.

"Had Farnley been eliminated from the problem then, I might have recovered myself and gradually paid back all I owed, but he urged me to take a shorter cut. I could win back in a short time the full amount. He finally suggested borrowing from the company's funds. I was assistant cashier of the International Rubber Corporation, and I had easy access to all the cash and notes. In fact, the full responsibility of handling the funds was given to me, and once a year I gave an accounting to my superior. What was easier than to borrow a few hundreds, or thousands, for a few weeks or months? It would be ten months before I would have to return the money.

(Continued on page ten.)

WE TEACH YOU BY MAIL

We fit you in spare time for positions of **Railway Fireman or Brakeman.** We have hundreds of graduates at work earning from $100 to $185 a month. This is the school that makes good with the railroads—that's why we are endorsed by all the great railway managers. They want our graduates. Our instructors are all practical railroad men actively employed by railroads while they teach young men for the same kind of work—that's why our graduates make good.

If you want to learn right, don't waste your time on cheap schools—resolve today to

BE A RAILROAD MAN

but resolve to take the course that will make you a good one, and write for free catalog and full information about our school. If you prefer the electric road to steam, we offer you the most complete **Electric Railway Course for Motormen or Conductors** ever devised. We can fit you for competent service in a few weeks so that you can go to work at good wages. Other courses fit young men and ladies for Stenographers and Bookkeepers for commercial houses or government positions. Our Civil Service Courses prepare you to pass successful examinations. Don't stay out of work long or in a poorly paid position when this great school can make you valuable and assist you to an excellent position. Write today for free catalog—mention which course you wish to take and state age.

The Wenthe Ry. Cor. School,
Box 42, Freeport, Ill.

3 Years to Pay for the celebrated Meister PIANO

The best piano in the world at $175

$1 Weekly or $5 a Month

No cash payment down. No interest. No freight charges. No extras.

30 Days Free Trial

In Your Own Home and We Pay the Freight

We want you to sample this piano for a month to convince you that it is the best piano in the world at $175. We guarantee a saving of $100 or more on each instrument. Rothchild 10 year **guarantee bond** with each piano.

We don't want a cent from you until you are satisfied. If you don't want the piano we will send for it.

We own the Meister Piano Co. outright, and instead of paying 30% to 40% commission to agents, we

Sell Direct from Factory to You

Send now for the Meister Piano Book. It's FREE. It shows all grades of Meisters, $175.00, $225.00, $255.00 and $285.00. Beautifully done in colors. A postal card will bring it.

ROTHCHILD & COMPANY,
250 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

PLAYS Large List. Dialogues, Speakers, Hand Books, Drills. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub. Dept. 6 Chicago.

PORTRAITS 35c. Frames 6 cents up. We sell better goods for less money than others. Our catalogue tells you why. Sample free. N. M. FRIEDMAN & CO., Box 410, Martinsburg, Mo.

25 Postals VALENTINE CARDS in rich floral designs of many colors. Rich Roses and Flowers, Pretty Girls, Lovers, Language of Flowers, Friendship and Birthday Greetings, Charming Scenery, etc. Send 10 cts. (silver.) MARTIN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT.153, CHICAGO.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME.

$1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diploma granted, positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. ONTARIO VETERINARY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, DEPT. 45, LONDON, CANADA

MEN WANTED RELIABLE men in every locality throughout United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $90 a month and expenses $3 a day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, LONDON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

TO-NIGHT Cascarets THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP 10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

POULTRY PAPER FREE

COMMERCIAL POULTRY, a journal devoted to the culture of poultry. Issued monthly. Every number contains valuable information for poultrymen. Its articles are prepared by men who have made a success of raising poultry. They tell the reader, in these articles, how to produce the best results with the smallest expenditure. Don't take our word for this. Send for a sample copy and see for yourself. Write to Commercial Poultry Co., Dept. 23, Marseilles, Ill.

TICKLISH

In Olden Days.

Daniel in the lions' den.

"Well, it might have been worse," said the good man.

"Worse?" echoed the friend.

"Yes; suppose I had been cast into a college students' den!" Shuddering at the thought of Turkish cigarettes and fantastic steins the good man started to make friends with the lions.

Not Explicit.

"Remember," wrote the instructor of the correspondence school of journalism, "to write only on one side of the paper."

And by return mail came the following inquiry from the new pupil:

"Which side shall I write on?"

Money and Brains.

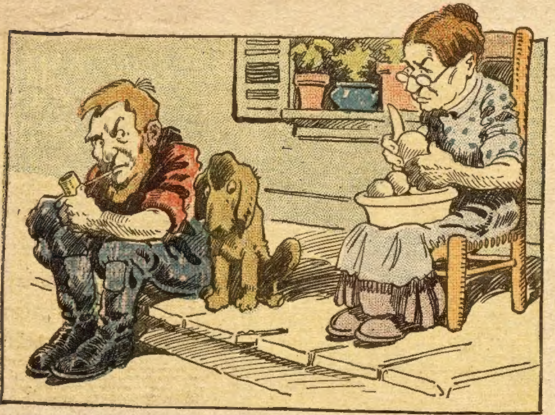
Footpad—Fork over your money now, or I'll blow your brains out!

Whoopler—Blow away, my dear fellow! A chap can get along in New York without brains, but he cannot without money.

SMALL TALK.

It is a fact, as you may know,
  While others it may shock,
That large scandals often grow
  From the smallest kind of talk.

HIS COURSE.



Silas—Up at Blixo University that thar Ranko kid larnt the three R's all right.
Pruette—What be they, Silas, dear?
Silas—Rowing, rooting and rowdyism, from all appearances, by heck!

Caught Alive.

A New Yorker, a big-game hunter of many years' experience, was lion-shooting in Uganda. He had excellent luck. Nearly every day he posed in a complacent attitude beside a freshly killed lion and his photographer snapped him for the magazines.

One afternoon the photographer, who was taking a nap in the hut, was awakened by a loud noise. He rose and looked out. Sprinting toward him from the jungle, hat gone and coat-tails flying, came his chief, and with terrible roars and growls a huge lion bounded at his heels.

The photographer gazed spellbound at the strange and exciting picture. His chief, perceiving him, shouted:

"Quick, quick! Open the door, George! I'm bringing him home alive!"

No Help Wanted.

Visitor—I say, old boy, you are the most absurdly infatuated husband I ever saw in my life, considering how long you've been married. You praise every dish your wife makes, and yet her cooking is abominable.

Host—Sh! Don't speak so loud. I know her cooking is bad; but if I say a word, she gets discouraged and sends for her mother.

Gentle Dig.

"Can I use eloquence?" said the explosive orator. "Ah, my friends, I have faced many open-mouthed audiences."

"Open-mouthed?" echoed the little man in the last seat. "What were they doing—snoring?"

Embarrassing.

"That's a nice-looking chap at the next table," said the young man who was treating his best girl to a lobster supper. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed," laughed the pretty girl.

"Well, er—I think I'll ask him to join us."

"Oh, this is so sudden!"

"What's so sudden?"

"Why—why, that's our young minister."

A Difference Defined.

Cobb—What's the difference between vision and sight?

Dobb—See those two girls across the street?

Cobb—Yes.

Dobb—Well, the pretty one I would call a vision, but the other one—she's a sight.

Sailing vs. Driving.

Yachtsman—In ordinary summer weather sailing is just as safe as carriage-riding; in fact, safer; yet somehow the girls don't seem to care for it.

Landsman—In sailing a boat you have to use both hands, don't you?

Same Old Story.

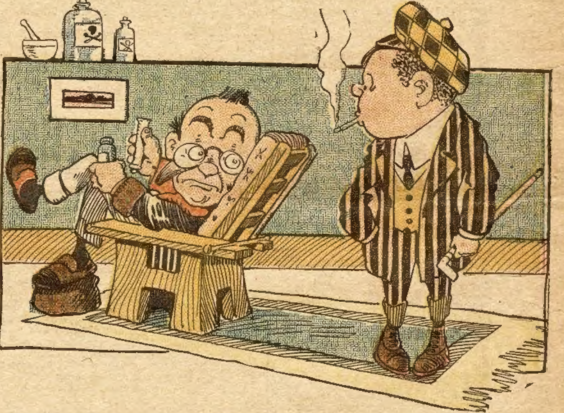
He (during spat)—At the marriage altar you promised to love, honor and obey.

She—And you agreed to endow me with all your worldly goods.

He—Well?

She—Well?

PROFESSIONAL ADVISER.



Dr. Killwell (to wayward son)—My boy, you should try to profit by advice.
Son—I might, dad, if I got $5 a visit for giving it, as you do.

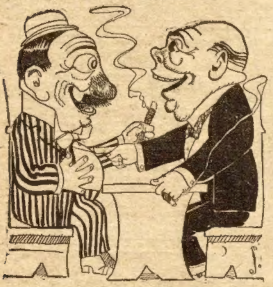
JUST PUNISHMENT.

The "open door" in China
May be quite proper, but——
If we could only catch the "mutt"
Who leaves the door wide open when
The mercury is down to ten
We'd chain him to the knob with glee
And with a red-hot pitchfork we
Would make him keep it shut.

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1283 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Hard to Estimate.



Howe—It costs $21 a week to feed a circus tiger.

Wise—Well, at that rate what would the monthly board of a catamount to?

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY CO., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

$18 to $30 A WEEK SURE

Farmers "Ever-Ready" Tool Kit does it.

10 TOOLS IN ONE

Agents going wild over results. M. Snyder made $46 in 9 hrs. Joseph Pine took 65 orders in two days. M. D. Finch sold 42 in 9 hrs. Had no experience. You can do it. To show it means a sale. FREE SAMPLE to workers. Foote Mfg. Co., Dept. 802, Dayton, O.

MAGIC BILL BOOK!

An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary pocket book. Sample by mail 15c

AGENTS WANTED.

W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

A Trial Anyway.

A Scotchman stood beside the bed of his dying wife, and in tearful accents asked was there anything he could do for her.

"Yes, Sandie," she said; "I'm hoping you'll bury me in Craeburn kirkyard."

"But, my lass," he cried, "only think of the awful expense! Would ye no be coffortable here in Aberdeen?"

"No, Sandie; I'd no rest in my grave unless I were buried in Craeburn."

"It's too much you're askin'," said the loving husband, "and I cannot promise ye ony such thing."

"Then, Sandie, I'll no give you ony peace until my bones are at rest in my native parish."

"Ah, weel, Maggie," said he, "I'll just gie ye a three month trial in Aberdeen an' see how ye get along."

Usual Thing.

Tom—That fellow Brainard is a veritable walking encyclopedia.

Jack—Yes, that's the fate of a good many wise guys.

Tom—What do you mean?

Jack—They are too poor to own gasoline buggies.

A Fixed Habit.

Mr. Glum—I really believe your nose turns up. I never noticed it before.

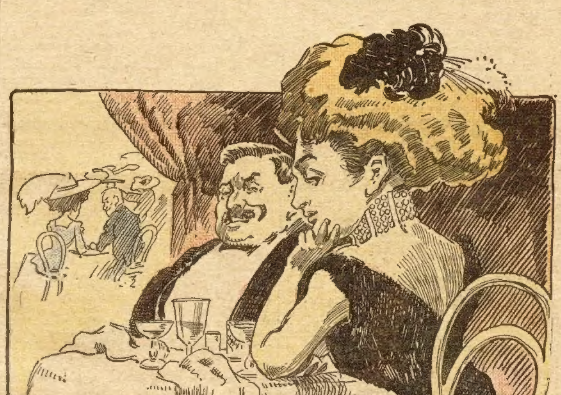
Mrs. Glum—I presume it has got to turning up since I married you.

Pertinent Query.

"My husband," said Mrs. Bostem, proudly, "is a man who is much sought after."

"Indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Knox. "Is he a fugitive from justice?"

SHE NEVER DID.



Bagley—Woman is inconsistent.
Mrs. Bagley—No more so than man.
Bagley—Did you ever know a man to be afraid of a mouse and still wear a rat in his hair?

INTERESTING FACTS

Food Knowledge on the Farm.

With the Rural Free Delivery of mails, the farmer is as closely in touch with what is going on in the world, as his city brother.

What to eat, in order to get the best out of one's brain and body, is as important for the modern farmer as the manufacturer, business man or professional worker. An Ills. farmer writes:

"I am a farmer and was troubled with chronic indigestion for two years—suffered great agony and could find no permanent relief from medicines.

"A friend suggested that I quit using so much starchy foods, which are the principal cause of intestinal indigestion. I began to use Grape-Nuts and have continued with most gratifying results.

"Grape-Nuts food has built me up wonderfully. I gained 6 pounds the first four weeks that I used it. My general health is better than before, my brain is clear, my nerves strong.

"For breakfast and dinner I have Grape-Nuts with cream, a slice of crisp toast, a soft boiled egg and a cup of Postum. My evening meal is made of Grape-Nuts and cream, alone.

"This diet gives me good rest every night and I am now well again."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Calling Him Down.

"Yes, indeed, Duckie," said Harker, in his smoothest tones, "that sick friend of mine was in a bad way last night and that is why I was so late getting home."

"'Duckie,'" laughed Mrs. Harker. "Why, George, instead of a 'duckie' you must think I am a turkey."

"Why so, Nellie?"

"Because you are always trying to stuff me with chestnuts."

TACKLES

An Engaging Talker.

Maude—Mr. Hardcash called on me last evening. He's the most engaging talker I ever listened to.

Clara—Indeed! What did he say?

Maude—He asked me to marry him.

Ready Either Way.

"So I hear you've made a lot of money on the Stock Exchange?" said the young man's uncle.

"Yes, sir."

"That shows how one may, with proper pluck and promptness, succeed if he will only take advantage of his opportunities."

"But I lost that and several thousand more today."

"Young man, how often have I told you that such transactions are merely gambling, and that you are bound to come to grief sooner or later if you dabble in them?"

A Vindictive Editor.

In a burst of pessimism the Hale Hustler-Leader exclaims: About a dozen of our exchanges swiped our little article entitled, "Yes, Farming Pays," and we are rather glad they did, for the whole thing was a lie from start to finish, and at least a dozen times we have felt like kicking ourselves for publishing it.

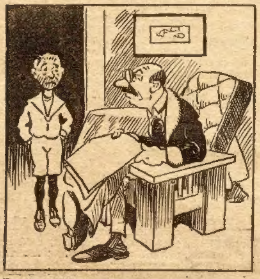
Man's Way.

"A man," remarked the feminine observer, "is a good deal like a fog horn."

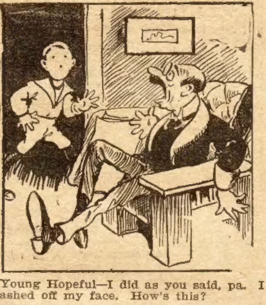
"What's the answer?" queried her spinster friend.

"When things look dark and gloomy," replied the f. o., "he is apt to go on a toot."

In Matter-of-Fact Town.



Father—What do you mean by coming nto the house with a face like that? Go wash it off at once!



Young Hopeful—I did as you said, pa. I washed off my face. How's this?

Her Mouth Was Closed.

Jack—Miss Peachy started to say something about impropriety of kissing the other evening, but she didn't finish.

Tom—Why not?

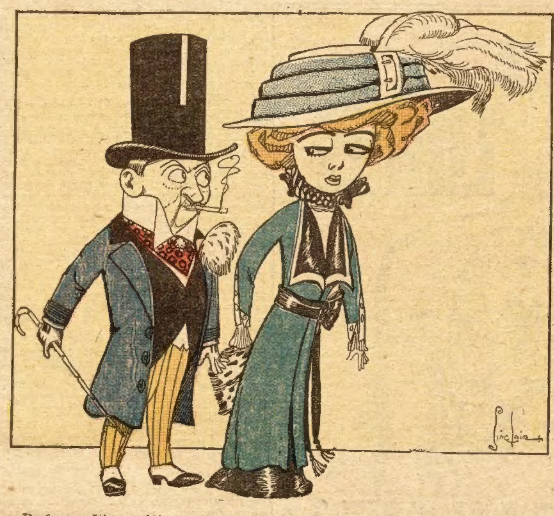
Jack—Because I took the words right out of her mouth.

Choice of Evils.

Horrified Mother—I just this minute saw Mr. Nicefello's arm around your waist. It's perfectly awful.

Repentant Daughter—Y-e-s, mother, but it would be a good deal more awful to see his arm around some other girl's waist.

TUT, TUT!



Professor—It's as plain as the nose on your face.
Prima Donna—Yes, it's plain as the face behind your nose.

A Dull Preacher.

A gentleman, on hearing a lady extravagantly praise the fine eyes of a certain minister, wrote the following:

"I cannot praise the doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
For when he prays he shuts his eyes,
And when he preaches he shuts mine."

Sometimes.

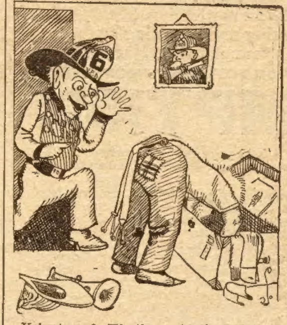
"It is always the unexpected that happens," quoted the moralizer.

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the demoralizer. "The expected happens often enough to enable the weather man to hold his job!"

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream eand Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

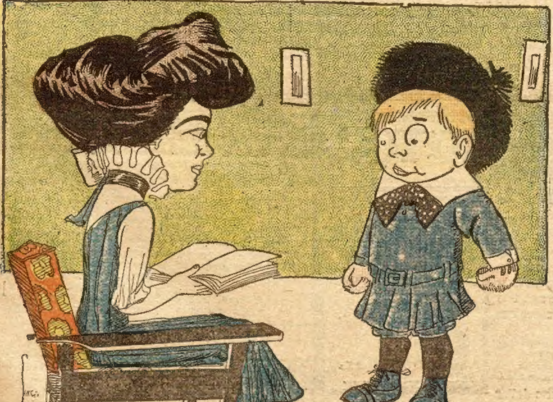
An Absolute Necessity.



Volunteer 6—Hi, thar, chief! Didn't ye hear the fire alarm? The hull durn taown's a-burnin' up.

Chief—Well, bing it, Maria's away and I can't find my red shirt nowhar.

HE KNEW.



Mother—William Penn was a short, stubby man.
Tommy—Then I guess he was the original stub Penn.

It Didn't Work.

Whiffers—See here, Bliffers! You told me the way to win a girl was to devote myself to her mother.

Bliffers—Yes, sirree, that will do it every——

Whiffers—Huh! I wanted to win Miss Beauti, and I took your advise, and devoted myself to Mrs. Beauti, and now the old lady, who was a widow, wants to marry me herself.

Another Version.

"Chap out in Oklahoma ate six pumpkin pies and almost passed in his checks," remarked the angular landlady as a warning against overindulgence.

"H'm!" laughed the comedian boarder, as he speared a baked potato. "I suppose you would call that another case of the 'yellow peril.'"

No Doubt About It.

"Yes," said the man who seemed to be thinking aloud, "it certainly does require a good deal of pluck."

"What requires a good deal of pluck?" asked the innocent bystander.

"The removal of feathers from a live goose," explained the noisy thinker.

A Rude Call-Down.

"You are an iceberg!" exclaimed her elderly but well-preserved adorer, pale with anger and mortification. "A dozen Cupids, with a hundred arrows each, could never find a vulnerable place in your heart!"

"Not if they used an old beau to shoot with," coldly replied the beautiful girl.

AGENTS WANTED

SWIFTLIT
WORKS LIKE CITY GAS
In Your Home or Store. No "Bonfire" to start it.

Lights like a flash with ¼ of a match. That's a fact which will cost you only 1 cent a day to realize if you use a "Swiftlit" Lamp. *Think of that.* Radically different from any lamp you ever saw or heard of. *Just like City Gas* and better than a dozen kerosene lamps. Gives from 100 to 500 candle-light power—a penetrating soft light, the best to *read* or *sell* goods by, or it will *light your whole street front* if hung over outer door. No alcohol expense or tedious waiting. Acts simply by gravity or pressure feed. *Burners* which fit old lamps supplied cheaply. Thousands of "Swiftlit" Lamps are used by the people of the U. S. We were established in 1868. *You can't afford* to be without one. If you can be our Agent in your neighborhood, write for *wholesale price on specimen* "Swiftlit" Lamp. Now, don't put it off. Write *today.* Hear by return mail. *Then* order if you *want* to. You will. PLANET MFG. CO., Dept. 18, ST. LOUIS.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK and EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. D 67, PARSONS, KANS.

AGENTS $36 A WEEK; EXPENSES PAID. No experience or capital required; 30 days' credit; photo pillow tops 30c; enlarged portraits, bromides, paintings, frames; lowest prices; samples and catalogue free. Dept. Z, Ritter Art Studio, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—30 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS make big money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write today for a free sample and full particulars. Address METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 71 N. Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS. Big money for you. Sell our Carbonite Razor Strop. Razor free with every strop. Genuine bargain. Profits immense to hustlers. Write for particulars and territory *at once.* R. B. HOME MFG. CO., Box 257, Philadelphia, Pa.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X 418, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

Sell Tobacco and Cigars

Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box R 13, DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

FREE TO AGENTS—Safety Tea Kettle

Wonderful Invention. Impossible to burn hands from steam. Made of copper, nickel-plated. Can't boil over. No lid. $10 a day. Write for illustrated book and Free Offer to Men and Women Agents. S. T. K. Co. 74 Ferguson Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1016 Detroit, Mich.

TWO GOLD RINGS FREE.

Sell 10 packs Prof. Smith's Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remedy at 10c each (the great hair remedy). WE TRUST YOU. When sold return the $1, and we'll send these 2 beautiful gold laid rings, or your choice from our large premium list. An old reliable firm, estab. 14 years. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 169, Woodsboro, Md.

AGENTS Here is a COOKER sells at sight. Saves time, labor, fuel, money and prevents burning. Cooks two kinds of vegetables at one time. Send $9 for a dozen and state territory wanted, or send 75c for sample.
W. C. REEVES & CO.,
126 E. 23d St., Manhattan

25 Highest Grade Post Cards 10c

Best published. No two alike. Silk and Embossed. Flowers, Parks, Birthday, Landscape, Marine, Chicago and other fine views. Pretty Girls, etc. All colored, new and choice; no comics. The kind that sells 3 to 5 cents each. All sent postpaid, with catalogue. We have the finest and most select line. Largest post card house in America. Agents Wanted. LUCAS & CO., 806 Lucas Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"I MADE $12 PER DAY Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"
From sworn statement of H. S. CUNNINGHAM.
AGENTS are coining money—selling from 50 to 500 sets per week. You can do it. Send your address today and let us PROVE IT. Experience unnecessary. We show you how to make $3 to $10 a day. OUTFIT FREE to workers. THOMAS MFG. CO. 122 Home Bldg. Dayton, Ohio

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

SEND US COON, MINK, POSSUM
and other furs, hides, roots, etc. We charge no commission. We stand express charges on shipments of fur amounting to $10.00 or more. Write for tags, price-lists, etc. ST. LOUIS FUR CO.,
B 221 North Main Street. ST. LOUIS, MO.

You Can Make $6.00 Per 100 Collecting your neighbors names for our Directory — all kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and Outfit—We want a million names quick. CENTRAL TRADING CO., 3861 Archer Ave., DEPT. A 4, CHICAGO.

Horace Whitlock's Sister.

(Continued from page seven.)

"It was so easy, and Farnley's advice so convincing, that I ultimately yielded. I gambled with the company's funds, and tried to retrieve my lost fortune by plunging deeper.

"I won't tire you with details. Farnley's tips seemed all wrong after that. I lost twice where I won once. I got heavier into debt, and then plunged deeper to get out of the difficulty. Matters went from bad to worse, and when the time approached for the annual examination of my accounts I was thousands of dollars short. And I had no way to pay back the stolen money!

"Farnley again proved the tempter. He told me that ruin and a prison cell stared me in the face. My accounts were bad, and there were no extenuating circumstances. The company would have no mercy on me. My only hope was to escape or go to prison. I did not want to do either. I was afraid it would kill my sister. Farnley proposed that we purchase some rubber land in Berango and go their in disguise to live. In time the rubber would make us rich, and then restitution could be made to the company. But I had no funds, and it was impossible to buy land when in Berango without gold or its equivalent.

"I was in desperate straits, frightened and tortured beyond endurance. I lived in the daily fear of exposure. I was a mental and moral breakdown when Farnley proposed robbing the company of a large sum to recoup our fortunes. He planned the scheme and worked out the details. I was too nervous to consider anything intelligently. I protested only feebly against such a robbery. Farnley overcame every objection and drove me on relentlessly toward the crisis. We invented excuses to my sister for making such an important change in our life. We painted the glories of life in Berango and enlarged upon the possibilities of reaping a fortune. Farnley pretended to know of the rich rubber forests down here which the rubber trust would soon absorb. Our chance was to get in ahead of the company so we could dictate prices to it later. For this reason secrecy was enjoined upon Flo, and she kept all knowledge of our expected departure from her friends.

"She was a loyal sister, and she obeyed implicitly. On the day of the robbery she had her trunks packed and we quietly left our apartment, in New York, as if intending to visit relatives in the country. I had little trouble in securing the funds from the safe, and within forty-eight hours we were out of the country. We had three days start of the police, and were actually on the ocean before anything wrong was discovered by my employers. But, of course, you know all that, and it is waste of time to repeat the events which followed. We came down here by a circuitous route, and you——"

"Did your sister like Farnley?" I asked when he stopped.

"No, I think she came pretty near hating him. But, like me, she experienced a certain fear, and she did not dare oppose his wishes openly. She tried to make herself agreeable for my sake."

"And now you are convinced that Farnley deceived you and actually had you imprisoned in that subterranean cell?" I continued abruptly.

Whitlock closed his hands convulsively.

"I don't know," he murmured softly.

"But he had no further use for you. He had the money—and your sister."

He started and repeated:

"My sister?"

"Would it be strange for a man of his type to covet a beautiful woman such as your sister?"

"You mean that he——" he began abruptly, and then stopped. He paced up and down the room several times. When he faced me again he was calm, but it was the calmness of a desperate man.

"I believe you are right," he said slowly. "Farnley wanted the money, and Flo. He had no further use for me, and so he flung me in prison to rot."

"That was his game. It's clear enough to me."

"Then we must find him and prevent Flo from falling in his power. Do you think he is on this island?"

I was sure he was not, and so informed him.

"But he may come here at any time."

"Yes, he may come on the next boat, or he may not come until the fate of this revolution is decided."

"If he should come," the young man said slowly, "and we were captured or killed, Flo would fall in his power again, and we could not help her."

With a sudden kindling of emotion, he added:

"Mr. Ardsley, will you promise me if—if it's a question of my sister falling in Farnley's hands again or of death, that you will be her executioner? If I live I shall relieve you of that terrible responsibility. But if anything should happen to me will you promise to save her from this fate? Will you kill her? She'd be a thousand times happier dead than Farnley's unwilling mistress."

I could almost see the flash of the eyes accompanying this startling proposition. I tried to parry the question with the promise that I would protect her with my own life.

"That isn't enough," he answered coldly. "You must promise to kill her—kill her before you die or surrender. I must have your promise."

And fearing lest I was dealing with a mad man who would attempt to execute the crime in advance of the need, the words slipped from my lips:

"Yes, I promise!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Whitlock and I stood silent and motionless in the darkness after this declaration. There was a melodramatic effect to the scene which made me wish to terminate it. A groan coming from the other room gave me cause to exclaim:

"Belmont and your sister may need us."

I strode toward the door and would have entered the other room, but a sudden thought made me turn.

"Where is the stolen money now?" I asked. "Is it in Farnley's possession?"

"He had it when we were arrested. I do not know where it is now."

"And your sister is entirely ignorant of its existence?"

"Entirely! She knew we had some money with us to purchase the rubber land, but she does not consider it a large sum."

The man was honest in his declarations, and I was convinced that only Farnley knew where the treasure was concealed. But I reasoned that in the present disturbed condition of the country, Farnley would choose to hide it on the island. If the army of Carolus was defeated, the last stand could be made on the Island of Pines. With this conviction, I entered Miss Whitlock's chamber.

Belmont was propped up on pillows on the bed. He did not turn his head at my entrance, and I asked in a whisper:

"How is he?"

"He's improving. I think he's out of danger, but it was a bad wound. And to think I fired the shot at him when he came to rescue me!"

The self-reproach in the voice and eyes affected both of us. I said nothing in reply, but walked to the window to look out. I could see the flitting shadows of soldiers in the courtyard below, but nothing definite was happening.

"Looks as if they were preparing for a night attack," I murmured, "and we must be prepared for them. By the way, Miss Whitlock, have you cartridges for your pistol?"

"Yes, enough for self-defense," she answered quietly. "Miletto obtained them for me. I believe Miletto was faithful to me. I wish she were here now."

To my inquiring gaze, she added:

"Miletto was my maid—a poor old soul who came over with me on the boat. She's lived in these rooms with me, but tonight I let her go for a few hours, and now she cannot return. I fear it will get her in trouble."

"It's just as well that she isn't here," I replied. "It would make one more mouth to feed, and we may have a long siege of it. I should like to inspect our commissary department, Miss Whitlock."

"We have plenty of food for a fortnight," she responded, leading the way into the back hall. "Miletto was a good provider, and my larder is full."

"That is good," I exclaimed, as she showed me a double row of canned meats on a shelf, plenty of dried fish, and some fruit, flour, bread and cakes. "We won't starve for the present."

There were a few bottles of wine on the shelf, which indicated that Farnley had no intention of starving his mistress into submission.

"How about the water supply?" I asked. "You have running water here, I suppose?"

"Yes, it comes in a pipe from a spring on the top of the island."

"Yes, but they may cut that off. Suppose we anticipate them by storing a supply for ourselves. We'll fill all available bottles and casks. Then we can endure a long siege."

I tried to speak lightly of our danger, but the brown eyes were searching my face anxiously.

"Do you think there is any chance of escape?" she asked.

"There is good reason to hope for the best. If General Carolus is defeated by General Dragonia our release will be certain."

She did not offer any comment to this rather hopeful view, but the confidence of my voice encouraged her.

When we returned to the bedchamber, Whitlock and Belmont were in earnest conversation, and I judged the brother was demanding a promise from the American Consul similar to the one which he had forced from me. He rose and greeted his sister affectionately.

"Flo, you must finish your rest. We can watch tonight, and you need fear nothing."

"Yes, your brother and I will take turns in watching," I added.

"But poor Mr. Belmont cannot be moved," she protested.

"I shall rest better on the firing line," replied the sufferer. "I'm nearly strong enough to share in the watch."

To prove his words he rose rather weakly and staggered across the room.

"Your brother will stay here in the room then," I said. "He can guard this window."

This seemed to be the most satisfactory disposition of our forces, and Belmont and I retired to the other room.

"A nice mess we're in," growled Belmont when we were alone.

"If General Dragonia defeats Carolus we may have a chance yet," I answered. "We're prepared for a long siege."

"A chance? Good heavens! It takes these halfbreeds a week to make a move, and within two weeks we'd be dead."

"We can hold out for two weeks," I promptly replied.

"How can we hold out against an army of fifty or a hundred? They'll attack us on all sides, and burn the building over our heads to smoke us out."

"I don't think they'll undertake that. Colonel Yetto may still believe that there's some truth in your story of the hidden treasure."

"But Farnley will come, and——"

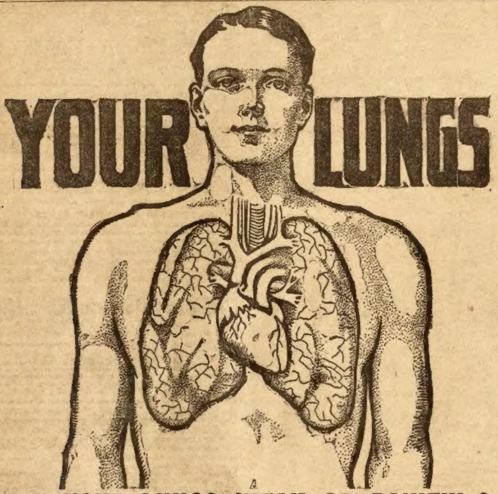
I smiled, and retorted with a question:

"Think you James Farnley will risk burning the money up any more than Yetto will? And besides, he's in love with Miss Whitlock."

"The scoundrel!" groaned Belmont.

After a lengthy pause, I added:

"Somewhere in this old building I believe Farnley has hidden the treasure. Miss Whitlock was held here under a strong guard, but no one except Miletto was allowed in the room with her. That much I



ARE YOUR LUNGS WEAK OR PAINFUL ?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hawking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

THESE ARE REGARDED SYMPTOMS OF LUNG TROUBLE AND

CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready to Prove to You absolutely, that Lung Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of advanced Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung Germine. It is not only a cure for Consumption but a preventative. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over five years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

Let Us Send You the Proof--Proof that will Convince any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you the proof of many remarkable cures, also a **FREE TRIAL** of Lung Germine together with our new 40-page book (in colors) on the treatment and care of Consumption and Lung Trouble. JUST SEND YOUR NAME

LUNG GERMINE CO., 156 Rae Block, JACKSON, MICH.

THE LATEST NOVELTY FREE TO YOU

THE WRITING PIN
BACK VIEW CLOSED
SIDE VIEW OPEN
AS YOU
WEAR IT

The Very Newest Thing in Jewelry.

A beautiful Gold Filled Scarf Pin or Ring with a tiny pencil concealed in its back. It is just the thing to jot down notes with. Unlike a pencil, you can always find it when you want it—on your finger or pinned on your tie or shirt waist. New leads are easily put in. In appearance these rings and pins are equal to the best solid gold jewelry. The rings are set with a blue stone and two white stones; the pins are rose gold and set with a red stone exquisitely cut.

HOW TO GET ONE FREE

THE WRITING RING
BACK VIEW OPEN
FRONT VIEW CLOSED
THE WAY YOU USE IT

To secure one of these elegant pins or a ring, send us one dollar for a full year's subscription to THE CHICAGO LEDGER. You know what a fine paper the LEDGER is—this copy tells the story. It is worth many times the subscription price, yet we will send you a Writing Pin or a Writing Ring FREE OF CHARGE, postage paid, if you subscribe now. Send your subscription with a dollar to

Canada Subscription Price $1.50 Per Year W. D. BOYCE CO., 76 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

learned from Miss Whitlock. Would it not be a good plan to hide his money somewhere in this part of the building?"

"Senor, you may be right. We should find the treasure, and then we might bribe Yetto with it before Farnley arrives. Yetto loves money better than life. He'd sell his soul to get possession of two hundred thousand dollars."

"But he is an unscupulous scoundrel," I answered, "and I would not trust my life in his hands."

Belmont was absorbed in thought, and in the darkness we almost forgot each other's presence.

This thrilling story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very startling episodes and situations. Its perusal to the end will highly reward you. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. You will never miss the $1.00 for the subscription, while if you do not subscribe you will certainly miss the Ledger. Be wise and attend to this today.

The Black Elbow.

(Continued from page five.)

face and broad shoulders of his employer. The two were very good friends, considering their relations as man and employer. Ferguson was young, keen, and a master mind where handling bodies of men was concerned. He had come from the ranks, having first entered the woods as a chore-boy for a shanty. He stood now as one of the best timber-lookers and foreman in the Michigan woods.

"I am out on bail, I suppose you know," remarked Immerson.

"No. I heard you got clear, all right."

"Of the shooting scrape, yes; but this timber-stealing is still unpassed upon. I am in reality a prisoner on parole."

Ferguson flirted the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger and appeared thoughtful.

"Well, that's what I call dirt," he finally said. "Cantwell must have a grudge against you, Walt?"

"That's easy. There's a lady in the case."

"Ah, yes. I understand. Women are at the bottom of all our ills, Walt," and the speaker laughed.

"I don't quite agree with you, Ferguson. The lady I speak of is quite too honorable to become a party to any man's scheming."

"Very likely," and a peculiar glint shot from the foreman's steel-blue eye. "I can readily understand how a girl might make trouble and still be entirely innocent of wrong intent. Such is true in the present instance, no doubt. Who is the lady, Walt?"

"Miss Lightstone, of Boyd City."

"Yes, I have heard of her. Met her brother once, a harum-scarum boy, who was making trouble for some city Apaches."

"You mean Teddy. He's rather wild I think. His mother is an invalid, and Elnora has her hands full without watching him. Ted's a fine, true-blue kid all the same."

"That's square. I wasn't going back on the boy, Walt. If his sister has half his pluck and good sense, she's worth a man's time."

Immerson was well pleased at the outlook. He went with Ferguson to look over the job. It occupied a day's time to inspect the cutters and skidders. After this was done the two men naturally drifted across the creek to where the Cantwell forces were at work.

There were scowls on the men's faces at sight of Ferguson. It seemed that they knew of his having visited their grounds in company with a land surveyor.

"What you fellers doing over here, anyhow?" sneeringly asked a burly chopper, leaning on his ax.

"Looking around," said Ferguson.

"What's that duffer here fur?"

The speaker nodded his shocky head toward Immerson, who had sauntered aside in quest of something of a suspicious nature.

"He's here because he wants to be, I suppose."

"Well, by Christopher, I think you're a pair o' sneaks!"

The chopper flushed hotly and half-raised his ax. The blue eyes of Ferguson snapped.

He stepped back a pace and lifted his hand.

"Don't get foolish," he warned.

"Wal, I've heerd 'at your boss is seekin' trouble long of our old man. Now I want ter say 'at you fellers'll git hurt right quick ef you don't keep on yore side the creek. The fellers here's onter this durn Gov't business right sharp——"

"Come off, Digger," sneered Ferguson.

"And you orter be in better bizness than doin' dirt fur Walt Immerson."

"I am doing no man's dirt," warned Ferguson.

"Yore doin' hissen."

"Shoot your addle pate, Digger. I know what I am about."

"Mebbe ye do, but I think ye don't. I'll tell ye kindly, boyee, keep away, that's all."

The chopper spat on his hands and turned with lifted ax to go on with his work. Ferguson's face went white. An angry glint filled his blue eyes. He was quick to resent an insult.

"You're a blamed nigger, Digger——"

"Eh? Call me a nigger?"

The axman whirled and menaced Ferguson with his ax. This was a foolish thing for him to do. He measured his length on the ground, his ax flying at a tangent through the air.

The thud of a fist attracted three of the chopper's companions who were working near at hand.

The three came rushing in a body. Naturally it would seem the wise thing for Ferguson to seek safety in flight. That was not Ferguson, however. He was absolutely fearless.

The young chap stood backed against the half-severed pine, facing his enemies. They halted. Ferguson's determined mien surprised them. Digger was sitting up rubbing a swollen optic. He seemed to be dazed.

"What's this fur?" demanded one of the three.

"For that fellow's insolence," said Ferguson.

"Consarn you, Ferg, you come over yere and smack a man on the jaw like you was boss o' the whole shootin' match. I'll show ye!"

The speaker dashed forward.

Thuck!

Another logger measured his length on the frozen ground.

Astonishment sat on the faces of the fallen one's companions. There stood Ferguson, small, compact, fiery—a whole battery of electric energy.

The two sprang at him with a howl.

By this time Walter Immerson had become aware of conditions. He stepped quickly and reached the scene of battle in time to jerk the fourth logger out of harm's way. The third met the fate of his two comrades. Raving, the felled rascals sprang up and made ready to wreak vengeance.

Axes were brought into play. A double-bitted one was flung at Ferguson. He dodged in time to save himself. And then the young chap flung himself into the fray. His blows fell with startling accuracy, and with force. In five minutes the four cutters were glad enough to cry quits.

A man, tall and distinguished-looking, had seen the last half of the combat from his seat in a buckboard. He came now on foot to learn the trouble.

"Well, here's a pretty mess!" exclaimed Cantwell, his aristocratic features working angrily.

The discomfited cutters got to their feet.

"It's some of your men's insolence, Berry Cantwell," jeered Ferguson. "See that ax sticking in that tree? One of your men meant to split my skull."

"I can well believe it. What were you doing?"

"Nothing at all."

"Yes he was," broke in several voices. "Him and that boss of hissen were here sneakin' to find something about the lines —"

"That will do. I quite understand," broke in Cantwell. "It seems that some men have no shred of honor in their makeup."

"D'ye mean that for me?" Ferguson squared himself before the lumberman, his hands twitching nervously.

"Never mind," broke in Immerson, who was anxious to quell the storm. "I heard it all. Ferguson was not to blame. Let it drop. Come, Jim, let's go back."

Immerson passed a hand over his foreman's shoulder and led him aside.

"I'd like to smack old Cant one," muttered Ferguson.

"No. Hold your temper. You went far enough. We are trespassers, you know. I did not suppose Cantwell had returned. I will not make war on him here. I prefer to meet him on neutral ground."

Cantwell glared angrily at the departing men.

The continuation of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

Old Houses Made New at Small Expense

We Offer 5,000 Bargains in Doors, Windows, Mouldings and Material for Stairs, Porches, Vestibules, Grilles, Etc.

Quality and Safe Delivery Guaranteed

Send for handsomely illustrated Free Millwork Catalog showing all kinds of material for building or remodeling. Everything in the latest styles approved by best architects. Each of the 5,000 items offered at a bargain price. You can buy, direct from America's largest mill, whatever you require for modernizing both exterior and interior of your home. All styles of doors, from plain pine to finest Art Front Doors of polished hardwood. Prices 80 cents up. Windows in every size and style from plain windows at 69 cents to magnificent Venetian Art Glass Windows in beautiful color effects. Material for complete flight of Stairs, only $24.73—an actual saving of $60 to $125. You will be surprised at the small cost of Hardwood Flooring, Plate Rail, Beamed Ceilings, artistic Mantels, beautiful Grilles and Colonnades, Sleeping Porches and other up-to-date improvements that any carpenter can put in.

Write for Free Millwork Catalog

Save money by buying everything needed to modernize your home, direct from our big mill. If any item is not as represented, we agree to refund your money. It is easy to order from the catalog, and we guarantee safe delivery anywhere.

Book of Plans Free It contains complete plans for handsome houses and bungalows. Enclose 10c for postage.

GORDON-VAN TINE CO., 1427 Case St., Davenport, Ia.

Enlightened.

When the train stopped at the little Southern station the Northern tourist sauntered out on the platform. There were the usual number of sunbonneted women, tall "crackers" and stray dogs. Under a scrub oak stood a lean animal with scraggy bristles.

The tourist was interested.

"What do you call that?" he queried of a lanky native.

"That be a hawg," ejaculated the other.

"What kind of a hog?"

"Razohback hawg."

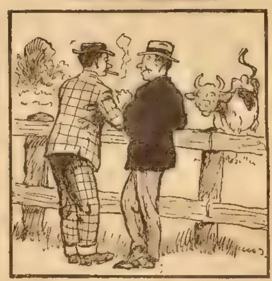
"That so?"

"Yeas, that's so."

"Well what in tarnation is he doing rubbing against that tree?"

"He's stropping himself, mister, jest, stropping himself, and if you ask any more fool questions around here we'll pull you off the train." And the tourist wisely withdrew.

Ask the Milkman.



Hewitt—The average yearly milk yield per cow is 400 gallons.

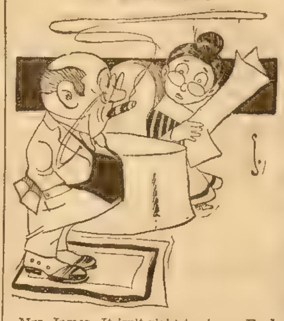
Jewett—How much milk will a pump give in a year?

Not Very Useful.

A man who stuttered badly went to a specialist, and after ten difficult lessons learned to say quite distinctly, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him upon this splendid achievement.

"Yes," said the man doubtfully, "but it's s-s-such a d-d-deucedly d-d-d-difficult remark to w-w-work into an ordin-n-ary c-c-convers-s-sa-tion, y' know."

He Knew Her.



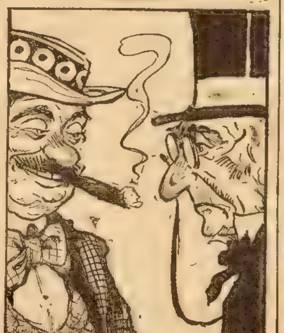
Mrs. James—It isn't right to charge Freddie with taking that money out of your pocket. Why don't you accuse me?

Mr. James—Because it wasn't all taken.

Poor Shakespeare.

Manager—Sir, your performance of "Hamlet" is the very worst ever presented behind the footlights. If there had been any money in the house I should have been bound in honor to return it at the doors. As it is, several friends have sent in and ordered me to remove their names from the free list!

Idleness.



"Half a loaf," quoted the musty philosopher, "is better than no bread."

"And a steady loaf is no bread at all," interjected the practical man.

LOW FARES to the Cheap Lands

Plan to go on one of these days—
Jan. 5th & 19th, Feb. 2d & 16ht

The trip will not cost much. These special low-fare tickets over the Rock Island-Frisco-C. & E. I. Lines will allow you to go one way and return another, without extra cost. You will see more of the Southwest than you could in any other way, and can better decide where to locate.

Ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over the Rock Island-Frisco-C. & E. I. Lines, either through Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Memphis or Birmingham.

If you will tell me where you want to go, I will tell you the cost of a ticket and send you a map-schedule.

I will also send you some interesting books about the Southwest. They will inform you of opportunities waiting for you there, and will open your eyes to new possibilities. Write for free copies today.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
1911 LaSalle Station, Chicago
1911 Frisco Building, St. Louis

Rock Island SOUTHWEST FRISCO

SPORTING GOODS. Cat. Free. Dice and Cards a specialty. B. L. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

24 LANGUAGE OF FLOWER CARDS 10 cts. Rose means, Love; Snowdrop, Hope; Pansy, Think of Me; Clover, Be Mine, etc. HILL SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 153, CHICAGO.

LEARN to make new and to resilver old mirrors. $5 A DAY easily made at home or traveling. Stamp brings sample and advice. MAGNATONE CO., Dept. A, BUFFALO, N.Y.

25 Rich Postals LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS, Rose means Love, Clover, Be Mine; Pansy, Think of Me. Rich Roses and Flowers, Friendship, Birthday and Holiday Greetings, Pretty Girls, Soldier Boys, Lovers, Charming Scenery, etc. 25 such cards 10 cents silver. HILL SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 203, CHICAGO.

MAGIC NEEDLES RODS, Goldometers, Chronometers, etc., for treasure seekers. Millions of wealth under your feet. Guaranteed the best made. Interesting booklet for 2 ct. stamp. FREE
P. & H. AGENCY, 10 ELM ST., PALMYRA, PA.

Men Wanted Quickly By Big Chicago Mail Order House to distribute catalogues, advertise, etc. $25.00 a week. $60.00 expense allowance first month. No experience required. MANAGER, Dept. 49 385 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

GOLD TEETH THE LATEST FAD Fill your own teeth. A Gold plated shell that fits any tooth. Easily adjusted; removed at will. Looks like regular dentists' work. Fools them all. Over two million sold. Everybody wants a gold tooth. Price 10 cents each, 4 for 25 cents, 12 for 50 cents. D.D. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

Trappers—Fur Traders

Ship your Furs direct to the World's largest Fur market, where prices are always highest. Write for our latest Price List, giving highest prices for Furs and Pelts of all kinds from all sections. It's FREE.

MYERS-BOYD COMMISSION CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WORRY CURED

I have written a lesson on worry. It tells how to overcome worry. It tells how to get happiness and how to get along in the world. The lesson starts on page 81 of my wonderful book DOLLARS AND SENSE. The complete book has 80 lessons in it. It tells how to get the best out of life. How to make your services valuable. How to get a better job. How to improve your business if you are in business. The chapter on worry is worth many dollars to you. Remember there is the lesson on worry and 79 other lessons and every-day helps for man and woman. I send DOLLARS AND SENSE, postage paid, to any address for 13 two-cent postage stamps. I have sold many thousands of these books and received the highest letters of praise. If you are weary, tired or ill, and are worrying over your affairs, let me bring sunshine and smiles into your life by showing you how to kill worry and how to help yourself. Send 13 two-cent stamps today and get my complete book DOLLARS AND SENSE with its 80 lessons that help and cheer. Address HUNTER & CO., 123 Hunter Street, Oak Park, Illinois.

SAFETY RAZOR 50c

This safety razor is made on the same principle as the $5.00 safety razors. We agree to refund your money if you are not perfectly satisfied. The razor is nickel plated. It is strong, easy to operate and very simple. We send the safety razor and five blades complete for only 50 cents. Send stamps or money order at once and get this great bargain. Address

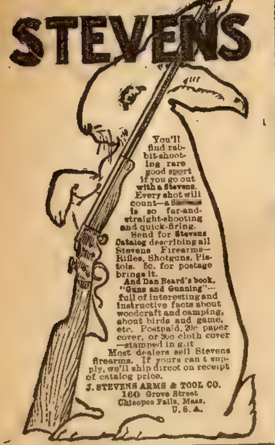
W. C. WATKINS & CO.
Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

CASH OR CREDIT Catalogue FREE.

ONLY $10.00

Cash, balance $5.00 a month, buys this 3-year guaranteed Buggy—$33.50 on time payments or $29.50 cash. We trust honest people located in all parts of the World. Write for free catalogue of Buggies, Surreys, Phaetons, Spring and Farm Wagons.

CENTURY MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 291 EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.



You'll find rabbit-shooting rare good sport if you go out with a Stevens. Every shot will count—a [illegible] is so far-and-straight-shooting and quick-firing. Send for Stevens Catalog describing all Stevens Firearms—Rifles, Shotguns, Pistols. 5c. for postage brings it.

And Dan Beard's book, "Guns and Gunning"—full of interesting and instructive facts about woodcraft and camping, about birds and game, etc. Postpaid, 20c paper cover, or 30c cloth cover—stamped in gilt.

Most dealers sell Stevens firearms. If yours can't supply, we'll ship direct on receipt of catalog price.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
160 Grove Street
Chicopee Falls, Mass.
U. S. A.

Asthma CURE sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send $1; if not don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 798 Ohio Ave., Sidney, O.

32 NICE POST CARDS, different sorts, and a good magazine for one year. The WHOLE THING for only **10c** WATSON & CO., 5661 ARCHER AVE., DEPT. 4, CHICAGO, ILL.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE 10c *Shows graceful High Kicking Girls, Jolly Leap-frog Girls, sensational SALOME Dancing Girls and lots of sidesplitting comical scenes, every movement as in real life. If you want most fun and biggest bargain ever offered send 10c for Moving Picture Machine and different scenes. 3 machines 16 scenes 25c.* J. T. St.Claire, 280 Rush St., Chicago

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office, [illegible] a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 45, London, Canada.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME
Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth, always invisible, greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Imitate Punch & Judy, neigh like a horse, sing like a canary or imitate any bird or beast of field or forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents, or 4 for 25 cents. DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. 2 FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

MAKE MONEY BY RAISING POULTRY. Pleasant and Profitable Work. We will send "Poultry Lessons for the Amateur," postage prepaid, with each yearly subscription to COMMERCIAL POULTRY, at fifty cents a year. Send for free sample. Box 88, Commercial Poultry Publishing Company, Marseilles, Ill.

375 POST CARD VIEWS FREE A Grand Collection, California Bathing Girls, Cow Boys and Cow Girls, Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Valley, Grand Canyons, Big Trees, Mt., Love Scenes, Comics, Bathing Beach, Golden Gate, Marine, Pretty [illegible] Artistic Nudes, Animals, &c., &c. A new [illegible] FREE. Send only TEN cents for membership in our Post Card Exchange, which has thousands of members. You get hundreds of Pretty Post Cards FREE from all over the world. DON'T MISS GETTING THESE IMMENSE HITS, YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED. Address TEEL ART CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1201—48 Van Buren St. Chicago

STEM WIND **Gold Watch AND RING GIVEN FOR SELLING POST CARDS** We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch Stem Wind, beautifully engraved Solid Gold Laid case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years, also a Solid Gold Laid Ring set with a Congo Gem, sparkling like a $50 diamond, for selling 20 packages of beautiful high grade Art Post Cards at 10c per package. Order 20 packages and when sold send us $2 and we will positively send you the watch, ring & chain. ALTON WATCH CO. Dept 801, CHICAGO

ELECTRICIANS' BOOK

AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN
This book tells how to make hundreds of useful and interesting electrical machines. It tells the story of Electricity, starting in on the simple magnet, tells how to make batteries, motors, dynamos, telegraph outfits, telephones, burglar alarms, and plating outfits. Everything is explained simply, and the illustrations are carefully printed showing how everything is to be made and put together. This book will show anyone how to work with electrical apparatus and how to build useful things for the home. This is a new book and one of our best sellers. We will send a copy upon receipt of ten cents in stamps. Address STAR LIBRARY, 76 Dearborn Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER

Lost in the Desert;

Or, THE PERILS OF THE PLAINS

By Will Lisenbee

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 1, Jan. 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

"IF THAT proves to be Duck creek," said Paul, "we shall not have much difficulty in finding the old hermit's shanty, where my uncle is staying. In fact, we cannot miss the place if we follow the course of the stream, as the dug-out is on the bank of the creek."

A half hour's travel brought them to the little grove of cottonwoods. But there was no sign of a stream, excepting a dry sand bed, with here and there a little pool of brackish water, gray with alkali, and as warm as dishwater.

But in the grove, in a deep cavity at the roots of one of the trees, a small stream of clear, cold water ran with a musical murmur, to be lost in the sandy bed of the draw a dozen yards below.

The thick cluster of cottonwoods threw a cool and inviting shade over the spring. The grass grew luxuriantly in the little grove, spreading a soft carpet of emerald green, spangled with flowers, beneath the spreading branches.

It was, indeed, a welcome retreat for the thirsty travelers, and with thankful hearts they gathered about the spring to slake their thirst and revel in the delicious coolness of the shelter from the burning sun of the plains.

"Thank der Lord, we hab all de watah we can drink!" exclaimed Aunt Fanny, fervently. "I could almost feel de dust in my stomach, an' my lips was as dry as chalk."

When they had slaked their thirst they indulged in the luxury of washing the alkali dust from their faces and hands; and after Paul had scooped out a little basin below the spring where his horse could be led and allowed to drink, he rejoined Dora and Aunt Fanny in the grove.

"I have just been wondering if this can be Duck creek," he remarked, as he threw himself on the soft grass. "There isn't much of a creek, but there is a place for one, and it might be quite a river during a rainy season."

"Why, it has been quite a large stream," replied Dora, "if we judge by the marks left by the high water," and she pointed to some bushes growing along the margin of the draw.

"Sure enough," agreed Paul. "I am inclined to believe that this is the head waters of Duck creek after all. I think our next move will be to follow the course of it down stream, and we shall probably run onto Hale's cabin at no great distance from here."

"But the first thing to be done," said Dora, "is for you to get some sleep while you can. You can't remain on guard every night and stay awake all day."

"Oh, I am not particularly sleepy," declared Paul.

"But you will be when night comes if you don't get sleep during the day. You must try to get some rest now, and Aunt Fanny and I will keep watch."

"Dat we will," nodded the negress.

"You are not afraid to trust us, are you?" asked Dora.

"Not in the least," replied Paul. "It is very kind of you, but before I lie down I'll take a little look around the country and see if any redskins are in sight."

He took his rifle and walked up the slope, and on reaching the highest point, he made a careful survey of the plains in every direction. No sign of any living thing could be seen. For miles and miles the undulating plain lay windless under the parching sun. The white sun poured down its intense rays from a broad expanse of glittering sky, and low along the sandy plain, something seemed to quiver as if the very air was panting with the intense heat.

Far up in the heavens, a mere speck against the field of light, a buzzard circled round and round without a perceptible movement of its wings.

The silence and desolation was strangely oppressive, and from the hot sands waves of heat welled upward like the dashing of billows from the sea.

Paul returned to the grove, and throwing himself on the grass, quickly fell asleep. He slept for hours, and it was near two o'clock when he awoke. He felt much refreshed.

As he glanced about him he saw Aunt Fanny sitting with her back against a tree fast asleep. Dora Hatfield was nowhere to be seen. Paul glanced quickly about the grove and then out across the plain; but no living thing was visible.

He walked over to where Aunt Fanny was sitting fast asleep and touched her on the shoulder. She awoke with a start.

"Land sakes, I would 'a' bin asleep in a nuther minet," she declared, rubbing her eyes.

"I believe you would," smiled Paul. "Where is Miss Dora?"

As he spoke something brushed him as a light, supple form dropped from a limb of the tree and stood smiling before him.

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated Paul. "Where did you come from?"

She pointed to the top of the tree.

"I've been up there where I could get a good view while keeping watch," she replied with a laugh. "It was nicer and cooler up there than it would have been out on the knoll."

"That is easy to believe," nodded Paul. "But weren't you afraid you would fall?"

"Oh, no. They used to call me a regular Tomboy on account of my climbing proclivities. I used almost to live in the trees during the nut-gathering season, and they said I was a regular monkey for climbing. I think I began to climb the cherry trees by the time I was five years old. I was at the very top of the tree, and I had a good view of the surrounding coutry while you slept."

"And you saw nothing?"

"Not a living thing."

"That is good news. It is long past noon. Have you eaten anything yet?"

"Oh, no; your store of provisions are rapidly being depleted by your guests, and you must act as commissary."

"Then I may as well issue another ration," declared Paul, and the haversack was again opened. He found that the stock of provisions was rapidly diminishing, and when they had finished their lunch there was but little left.

"You ought to have put us on an allowance," suggested Dora.

"Oh, we shall not starve," assured Paul. "There is plenty of game to be had by going after it. I had hoped that we should have no trouble in finding our way to Rufus Hale's cabin, but I am not so sure now, as I am not sure that we have struck Duck creek. But I have been thinking that we had best investigate the matter. We might start down the draw about sunset, as it will then be more pleasant traveling and safer by night. What do you think?"

"I quite agree with you. The nights are delightfully cool, and the moon will shine nearly all night long. But isn't there danger of our getting lost?"

"I think not. It will be easy to follow the course of the draw, and if we should not find Hale's place we can safely take our trail back. Meantime, as we yet have several hours to spare, I'll take a little run over to the north and see if I can't add a little antelope steak to our menu."

"Oh, that will be ever so nice!" exclaimed Dora. "I wish you success."

Paul slung his rifle across his shoulder and strode out across the plain. At the summit of a little rise he paused to glance out across the plain. At first he could see nothing but the hot, palpitating waste of plains, but presently something dark moving against the rim of the horizon far away riveted his attention. The object emerged slowly from a depression as if it rose out of the very earth, and a moment later was lined clearly against the sky.

A sudden thrill of fear pulsed through Paul's being. Another and still another dark form appeared, till more than a score were darkly outlined against the shimmering sky.

"Indians!" Paul gasped.

CHAPTER V.

Many miles from the scene we have just described, in a rude cabin on the bank of the Arkansas river, two men sat in earnest conversation. The first was a man of middle age. His face was dark, his eyes small and bead-like, and in his countenance the propensities of the fox and the wolf struggled for supremacy.

His companion was a man of thirty or thereabouts. He was dressed in the garb of the plainsman, and there was a look of cold cunning in his sun-tanned face, with a suggestion of cruel malignity.

The first was Mr. David Dawson, the uncle of Dora Hatfield, and his companion was Seth Smithers, a man who had spent most of his life on the frontier—an adventurer, sport and gambler.

"You have made a horrible botch of the whole business!" exclaimed Dawson with a scowl.

"I deny that," replied Smithers coolly. "I carried out my part of the program in every detail."

"You did not."

"Your talk is idiotic."

"You were to capture the girl?"

"That was part of the arrangement," replied Smithers.

"Did you do it?"

"No."

"Then you failed to carry out your part of the agreement."

"You failed to do your part. When we made the attack on the train and was ready to do the business agreed on, the girl was gone. It was your fault that you let her escape. It was you who were to point her out to us, and in this you failed."

"That is not a fair statement of the facts," replied Dawson. "In the first place you lost control of the Indians, and they came pretty near to making a mess of the whole thing. The whole attack was to be a mere sham, as you know, but the Comanches not only carried off a lot of plunder, but set fire to two of the wagons and burned them."

"That was not my fault. Bill Hobble, who had charge of the redskins had been drinking, and at the most vital moment he lost his head and the Comanches were not slow in taking advantage of it. But Bill has given assurance that the plunder will be returned, and that he will do what is in his power to make restitution."

"But thunder!" cried Dawson, "that is not the point. The girl is gone and we have not the least idea of her whereabouts."

Smithers looked at the other calmly.

"But, after all, the girl is out of the way," he said. "What more can you ask?"

"But you forget the uncertainty. As the matter stands, there is no telling at what moment she may turn up. Many trains are passing, and it is not unlikely that she and Aunt Fanny may fall in with any one of them."

"And on the other hand," remarked Smithers, "she may have gone to make a feast for the wolves before this."

"But what proof can we bring of such an event, were it true? That is the point. How shall I proceed to get hold of the property, which is to come to her, unless I have proof of her death?"

"The same proof that you would have had had our plan succeeded. We were to furnish evidence to prove her death, and we can easily do that."

"And have her appear on the scene alive and well?" cried Dawson. "Oh, no, Mr. Smithers. I am not quite such a fool as you may think. Besides, if I may remind you, I am not a murderer. I didn't want the girl harmed in any way."

"Very kind and thoughtful of you," sneered the other. "I wonder that you are not a missionary."

Dawson winced, but at the same time a look of resentment swept over his countenance.

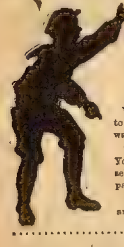
"Perhaps I might have been even that," he replied, "had I not fallen in with one whose rascality tempted me to enter into this unholy compact."

Smithers laughed, a hard, cruel laugh, that sounded harshly.

"The tempter, it seems, found you a very willing victim," he said. "You even went so far as to offer him five thousand dollars for his service as a tempter, provided he would help you gain possession of what did not belong to you. Don't try to play any of your soft soap games on me. It won't work. Business is business, and we are losing time in trying to convince one another that we are good, moral citizens. The question now before the house is, what is to be done to mend a bad matter?"

"I guess that is the way to look at it," admitted Dawson. "There is only one thing to be done, and that is to find the girl."

"Then let us get to work. I'll see Bill



BOYS WANTED

TO DELIVER **THE BLADE AND LEDGER** EACH WEEK

We need a smart boy in every town and R. F. D. Route in the United States and Canada to sell the BLADE and LEDGER. Everybody knows the BLADE and LEDGER, and they want someone in your town and R. F. D. Route to buy from.

We give you two cents out of every nickel you take in as your share of the profits. You pay us nothing until your papers are sold. You do not pay for papers you cannot sell, but return the headings with report. No experience necessary. 25,000 boys sell the papers every Friday and Saturday.

Fill out the blank below, cut it out and mail it to us. We will send you your outfit free, and first bundle of papers, also letter appointing you agent. Send it now.

........................CUT OUT........................

W. D. Boyce Co.,
76 Dearborn Av.
Chicago.

I will accept the agency.
Please send me agent's outfit and bundle of papers and instructions.

AGENT'S NAME ....
Street, P. O. Box or R. F. D. ....
Town ....
State.................... Date....................1908, Age ....

Hobble and set him on her trail. If she hasn't gone into a hole and pulled it in after her he'll find her."

By the foregoing conversation it will be seen that David Dawson was a cool, scheming villain. That Dora Hatfield never suspected the fact the reader can readily surmise.

Some two months before the opening of our story, Seth Smithers appeared at the office of David Dawson, who did a real estate business on Ninth street, in Kansas City, bringing the news of the death of Dennis Mitchell, who had left a fortune of some fifty thousand dollars to Dora Hatfield, who was his cousin. Dennis was a young man, a nephew of David Dawson, and had no living relatives excepting the Dawsons and Dora Hatfield. Dennis had made a fortune in the gold fields, and while making an examination of his mine was fatally injured by the falling of some timbers. Before he died, however, he made a will, bequeathing the remainder of his fortune to his cousin Dora Hatfield.

Dawson could readily see how, but for a single circumstance, he might have come into possession of the entire fortune left by his nephew. This gave him food for much thought, and brought out all the cunning in his nature.

"It seems rather strange," remarked Smithers that you should come in for so small a share of the fortune and a mere child should get the bulk of it."

"It is strange and it isn't right," cried Dawson.

"If anything should happen to the girl," said Smithers, with cool deliberation, "the whole fortune might yet go to you."

Dawson looked at his visitor with a quick, searching glance, a sudden startling thought causing the color to rise in his face and his bead-like eyes to gleam with sudden brilliancy.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Smithers shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, nothing at all," he replied, lighting a cigar. "I was merely mentioning something that might happen in the natural order of things. Children are a prey to a number of diseases, measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever, and various other complaints which are more or less fatal."

Dawson smiled a sickly smile.

"Dora is a strong, healthy girl," he said, "and it is exceedingly unlikely that she is in any danger from any of these diseases."

"That is true," observed Smithers, "but nevertheless, there are many perils from which none are free. I understand that you contemplate removing to the West. The journey across the plains is beset with many perils, from Indians, from thirst and starvation. When you start on your journey who can say that any of you will reach your destination alive?"

The two sat looking at each other for some moments without speaking.

CHAPTER VI.

The first step had been taken, and within an hour a plot had been entered into between the two by which the girl was to be gotten out of the way, the details of which will appear in the course of this story.

For the present, however, we must leave Dawson and his evil associate in the cabin on the bank of the river and return to Paul Sanford who is it will be remembered, had just seen a band of Indians in the distance.

Paul was a brave youth, but the sight of the Indians gave him a thrill of fear that set his heart to beating tumultuously. He must return to the grove at once, and keeping his body low among the sage brush, he began to retrace his steps.

Reaching a small depression he ran swiftly in the direction of the grove. He found on his arrival that Dora had already discovered the Indians, and she and Aunt Fanny were breathless with terror.

"What shall we do?" asked Dora in a panic of fear.

"Stay right where we are," replied Paul, resolutely. "There are less than twenty of the Indians, I think, and they will hardly dare to attack us, fortified as we are. We would have every advantage in case of an attack, and the Indians will not be slow to see this."

"Oh, I hope they won't attack us!" cried Dora, while Aunt Fanny threw herself on the ground and was moaning in terror.

Although Paul realized the terror of their situation, he had no intention of revealing his fears to Dora and the terror-stricken negress.

"It's luck that we are so fortunately situated," he said in a cheerful tone. "We have access to plenty of water, and the trees of the grove will furnish an excellent protection in case of an attack. But after all the Indians may not come this way. They did not appear to be headed in this direction. However, we will keep on the watch."

Between two large cottonwoods was a deep gully, and Paul saw at once that this would be an excellent place from which to defend the grove against an attack from the Indians.

"In time of peace it is always well to prepare for war," he quoted, as he fell to work strengthening the fortifications. Near at hand was a fallen tree broken to fragments, and he lost no time in bringing these and placing them about the rim of the pit. On top of these he threw a number of loose stones which he gathered from the dry bed of the stream.

"That makes a pretty comfortable fort," was his comment when the work was finished. "It would take a whole company of redskins to dislodge us."

The Indians had disappeared behind a swell in the prairie a couple of miles away, and nothing had been seen of them since.

"They can't get near us without being seen," said Paul, "and we have that advantage."

His next act was to bring his horse and picket him in a dense thicket near by where he would be hidden from view. Then he made a careful examination of his rifle and pistol, seeing that they were loaded and capped ready for use.

There seemed nothing else to do but wait and watch. Paul felt disappointed at having lost the chance of having an antelope steak for supper, for but little remained of the supplies in his haversack.

As the sun neared the horizon they ate a small portion of the hardtack and dried beef, which they washed down with copious draughts of water from the spring.

"If one is to be put on allowance, I know nothing better than dried beef," smiled Dora. "Eating it induces thirst which enables us to fill up on water."

As the sun neared the horizon Paul climbed to the top of a tree so that he might again scan the surrounding plains. He could see nothing of the Indians, but far to the east, lined darkly against the sky, he could see an immense herd of buffaloes. They appeared to be moving slowly southward in the direction of the Arkansas river.

"I'd like to have a shot at one of those shaggy fellows," thought Paul. "We would then have a month's supply of meat."

But they were so far away that, even had it not been so near nightfall, he would not have ventured to go in pursuit. Then the chance that the band of Indians seen a few hours before might be lurking near would have rendered his leaving the grove imprudent.

"There isn't a redskin in sight," he said as he descended from the tree, "and I think there is little prospect of their coming this way."

The sun went down and as the twilight deepened into night the full moon rose above the sandy waste, setting the sands to shimmering in the mellow radiance. The black shadows of the trees fell in sharply defined lines as if etched in ink against the gray stretches of plain, and further out, as far as the eye could reach, the undulating prairie, silent and desolate, fell away like silent waves of the sea.

The heat of the day vanished as the night came, and a cool, refreshing wind blew from the southwest. A night bird sang from the dark recesses of a thicket, and from out on the plain the wavering bark of a coyote broke the silence with its sharp staccato.

Paul stood leaning against the trunk of a cottonwood, letting his eyes wander out arcoss the moonlit plain, while Dora, half reclining on the soft grass, listened to the comforting words of Aunt Fanny.

"We ort to be thankful we is in the lan' of the libin'," the negress was saying, "an' dat Massah Paul am hyah ter perteck us."

"That is so, Aunt Fanny," replied Dora. "I shudder when I think of the terrors we passed through while lost and alone on the plains. We could not have lasted much longer had not help arrived."

As Dora ceased speaking a faint rumbling came from the north. The three listened with breathless interest. Nearer and nearer came the sound, which could now be detected as the thunder of rapidly approaching hoofs. In a moment Paul was on the alert. That a band of Indians was approaching, he had little doubt, and hurriedly he grasped his rifle and pistol.

"Oh, what is it?" gasped Dora in a panic of terror.

"It may be Indians," Paul replied as coolly as possible under the circumstances, "and it may be best for us to be prepared. You and Aunt Fanny had better get into our fortifications, while I remain where I can get a view of what we have to contend with."

"Come on, honey," cried Aunt Fanny, as she fairly dragged Dora into the little pit, moaning with abject fear.

The rush and thunder of hoofs grew more and more distinct, and it was evident that the cavalcade, or whatever it was—was heading directly for the grove.

Paul leaped quickly from among the trees, and mounting a small hillock, cast a quick glance to the north.

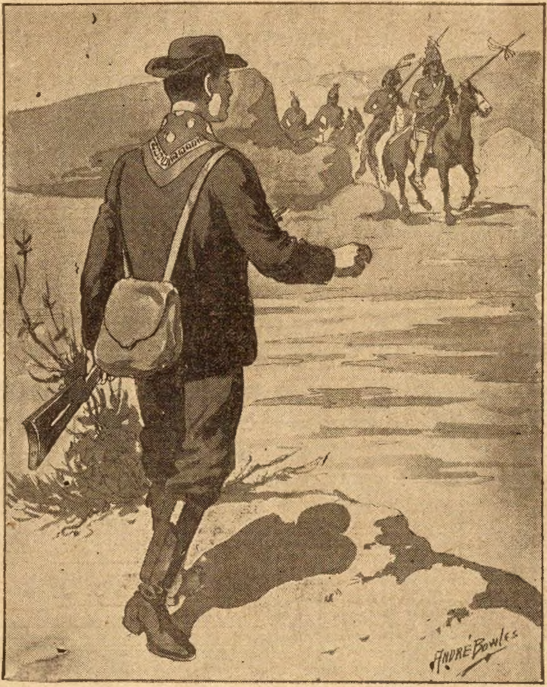
CHAPTER VII.

As Paul Sanford let his eyes travel across the plain he saw a dark, wavering line advancing swiftly across the plain, while about it a cloud of sand swirled and fell away in a smoke-like trail behind.

Now the line became broken, then merged into a dark mass that swept on while the very earth trembled under the thundering of the hoofs.

At the first glance Paul was convinced that a band of mounted Comanches was charging down on the grove, but a moment later he discovered his mistake. It was a herd of buffaloes dashing madly down the slope.

In an instant Paul realized the peril, for the danger of being in front of a maddened herd of buffaloes was not less than facing a band of hostile Comanches.



"Indians!" Paul gasped.

He turned and ran back to the grove with the speed of a deer.

"Is it Indians?" gasped Dora, trembling with fear, for the thunder of hoofs was now drawing appallingly near.

"Not a bit of it," said Paul. "It's a herd of frightened buffaloes, and they're heading this way. We might be safe here behind the trees, but a great deal safer, I take it, if we just swing ourselves up in the branches of one of these cottonwoods. Come, we must move in a hurry."

Dora sprang to his side and the next instant had leaped upward and swung herself onto a large overhanging limb. But

"Where Do You Get Such Good Butter?"

"Company" always asks this question in homes where Holstein Butterine is served.

It is so delicious—so delicately flavored—so supremely good as compared with even the best butter, that it causes envious comment—always.

Holstein Butterine

is made of true Butter Fat from prime beef cattle, churned with Cream in a churnery so sweet and clean as to cause the most particular housewife to fear for her laurels. Employes wear full suits and caps of white duck fresh from the laundry every morning. Every evening churns, floors, walls and ceilings are carefully cleansed with boiling water. The best creameries are not so careful.

The best butter can never equal Holstein Butterine in wholesomeness, purity or evenness of quality. It is always GOOD.

The price is much less than you would pay for butter. Learn the merits of Holstein Butterine today and practice economy at the same time.

If your dealer can't supply you, send $1.65 for 10-lb. pail. Quality and Purity Guaranteed.

John F. Jelke Co.
185 Union St., Chicago

Ask about our Clubbing proposition.
JELKE'S
HOLSTEIN
OLEOMARGARINE

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

POST CARDS FREE TO YOU

In order to introduce our large illustrated monthly,
THE WOMAN'S WORLD
which is of interest to every member of the family, we make this big offer to you.

Send 10c for a special five months' trial subscription and we will send you, prepaid, twelve beautiful flower post cards absolutely **FREE.** These cards are strictly high-class and are something entirely new. Each card represents a scenic view and has **The Language of the Flowers** worked out most beautifully in mottoes in flower designs. For instance, in this series the Violets spell out the word "Faithfulness;" Sweet Peas, "Wish You Joy;" Chrysanthemums, "I Love You;" Roses, "Love," etc. You won't be disappointed, for these cards are not like any you ever saw, and **remember,** we have a surprise for every one that sends for these cards. There are only a limited number, so send today if you want them.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Card Dept. 36, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS ROSE LOVE

Consumption Book FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 2764 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

This catalog of opportunities will interest you. Today you may find a big bargain or the very chance to make money you have been looking for. "Opportunity knocks once at the door of every man." Yours may be here. Read every ad. carefully.

Advertisements cost $1.60 per line, including one insertion in the BLADE and one in the LEDGER of the following week's issue. No advertisement accepted for insertion in either paper alone. A two-line is the smallest and a twelve-line the biggest ad. inserted in this department.

STAMPS—COINS—CURIOS

MONEY IN OLD COINS AND STAMPS — Pamphlet giving a great amount of interesting information, figures, etc., will be sent postpaid upon application. May be worth many dollars to you. Address Money and Stamp Brokerage, 150 Nassau Street, S. L. 115, New York City.

I PAY FROM 1 TO 600 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. Vonbergen, the Coin Dealer, Dept. T, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE to control districts and supply enormous demand created by our national advertising; $60 weekly and expenses; chance of a life time. Write quick. American Sales Company, Dept. B, 102 Ninth Avenue, New York.

BUSINESS CHANCES

ANY ONE CAN EASILY EARN $4 DAILY at home, in spare time, silvering mirrors; will show you how; sample and particulars free. G. L. Jones, 43 S. Upham's Corner, Boston, Mass.

TINSELED POST CARDS

TINSEL POSTCARDS AND MAKE MONEY. Easy work, easy money. Sample of your name tinseled in colors; full instructions how it is done for two cents. North Jersey Novelty Co., Dept. L. W., Ledgewood, N.J.

SALESMEN WANTED

WANTED—Salesman for our line of lubricating oils, belting, hose, etc. Good money for right man. T. W. Johnson Co., Massie Ave., Cleveland, O. Mention The Exchange.

POST CARDS

TWENTY-FIVE FLORAL POSTCARDS, 10c. — These cards are all in color, no two alike, they are beauties. Erlacher Book and P. Card Supply, Box 422, Reading, Pa.

NOVELTIES

THE POCKET KNIFE PENCIL SHARPENER makes a beautiful point. Never wear out. Sample sent prepaid, 15c. Circulars free. Agents wanted. Address Acme Supply Co., Desk 3W, Plainville, Conn.

THEATRICAL GOODS

WIGS AND MAKE-UPS, fifty characters. Write for catalog magic, theatre goods and 100 plays free. Bates Play Co., Dept. 2, Boston, Mass.

HELP WANTED

WANTED — RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS: Clerks at Washington and Customs Clerks. Salary $800.00 to $1,600.00. Annual vacation. No "layoffs." Many March examinations. Every one over 18 eligible. Common education sufficient. Candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 39, Rochester, N. Y.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 963 Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

SPORTING GOODS Dice, Cards, etc. Catalog Free
M. HILL, Swanton, Ohio

MONEY Made quickly by smart men.
T. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

A MAIDEN'S DREAM, Pictures before and after marriage, 26 rich colored post card views, all 10c. Box 619, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

12 GAY LOVE LETTERS and rare book with 20 spicy Female Pictures, 10 cts. BOOK CO., Box 619, Providence, R. I.

25 RICH POSTALS 10 CENTS Silver. SILK FINISH. Flowers, Rich Colored Roses, Language of Flowers, Butterflies, Pretty Girls, Soldier Boys, Entrancing Love Scenes and rich designs in charming Scenery, Friendship, Birthday and Holiday Greetings. Your name beautifully tinseled in gold. BAY ART CO., DEPT. 403 CHICAGO, ILL.

DR. FOOTE'S FLASHLIGHTS ON HUMAN NATURE 10¢

A 240-page Illustrated Book for Adults, containing complete information on Love, Marriage, Parentage, Health and Disease. Tells all you would hesitate to ask a Doctor. A limited number at 10c. Sent by mail on receipt of price in a plain envelope.
M. HILL BOOK CO., 135 E. 28th St., N. Y. City

WE BUY FURS AND HIDES

10 to 50% more money for you to ship Raw Furs, Horse and Cattle Hides to us than to sell at home. Write for Price List, market report, shipping tags. $10,000 BOOK Hunters' and Trappers' Guide Best thing on the subject ever written. Illustrating all Fur Animals. Leather bound, 450 pages. Price $2.00. To Hide and Fur Shippers, $1.25. Write today.
ANDERSCH BROS., Dept. 76 Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN WHY SUFFER THE TORTURES OF STRICTURE

When I can assure you a life cure. Do you know about my latest cure! Nothing equals it. Safe, Sure, Painless. Stops losses, restores vigor. STRICTURE dethrones health and manhood. My illustrated book explains the cure. Sent sealed FREE.

G. ALLAN ROWE, M. D.
60 NIAGARA STREET, F, BUFFALO, N.Y.

BLOOD POISON

successfully treated in any stage. If you have ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, eruptions, copper colored spots on the body, falling hair, swollen glands, pains in the bones, or severe continued headaches, our special treatment will cure you. Our DR. PANTER, former chief physician of the original Cook Remedy Co., treated over 20,000 patients of that company in the last fifteen years ending May 12th, 1908, the date that company discontinued taking cases to treat. Booklet on Blood Poison, testimonials and full information about your case, FREE. Write
PANTER REMEDY CO.,
Suite 309, 67 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

RECEIPT THAT CURES MEN SENT FREE

Be Strong and Vigorous—You May

I have a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back brought on by the follies and excesses of youth and manhood that has cured so many thousands of worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. Write me if you need a splendid receipt for private home use. I will send a copy, in a plain, sealed envelope free of charge. A.E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Bldg., Detroit

ELEGANT Thin Model OPEN FACE WATCH

The popular 16 size for men and boys. An accurate timepiece, ruby jeweled lever movement, stem wind & pendant set, screw back & bezel, Solid Nickel Silver case. Warranted 20 years.

$3.75

THIN MODEL

STEM WIND STEM SET

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it by express for your examination, and if you think it the best bargain you ever saw, pay the express agent our special sample price $3.75 and it is yours. A handsome Silk Fob with gold plated charm sent Free with every watch. Address M. C. FARBER, B 54, 225 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

60 OLD-TIME SONGS.

The STAR COLLECTION OF FAMOUS SONGS

This book contains sixty of the greatest songs in the world. They are old-time songs and are printed with words and music. The collection includes ballads and songs that have been written during the last fifty years. It also contains national hymns. Space will not permit us to give a list of all the songs. Here are some of them. Good Night, Ladies; My Bonnie, Auld Lang Syne, John Brown, Maryland, Dixie, Yankee Doodle, Old Folks at Home, Old Cabin Home, Kentucky Home, Massa's in De Cold Ground, Bonnie Doon, Annie Laurie, Highland Mary, Robin Adair, Douglas, Warrior Bold, Killarney, America, Britannia, Wacht am Rhein, Last Night, Rocked in the Cradle, Last Rose, Stilly Night, Gloaming, Old Oaken Bucket, Juanita, Then You'll Remember Me. You may be assured that this is the greatest collection of music ever offered for the price. We send these sixty songs, words and music, to everyone who sends 10 cents in stamps. Address
STAR LIBRARY, 76 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Aunt Fanny was not so nimble, and it was only after some heroic efforts on Paul's part that she was finally assisted to the first limb. Then, trembling with fear, she drew herself up, assisted by Dora.

There was no time to lose, for the irresistible herd came thundering on. Paul quickly threw the blankets, haversack and other articles into the fork of a tree where they would be safe from the feet of the trampling herd, and then he took his rifle and swung himself into the tree.

As he turned his eyes to the north he could see a dark mass of maddened buffaloes sweeping down toward the grove, the thunder of their pounding hoofs rolling down the slope in a storm of swirling sand.

The sight was appalling, and Dora, white and breathless with terror, clung desperately to the limb. A moment later the living storm burst through the grove. The very earth seemed rocking beneath the fearful impact of the rushing feet; and then the black, shaggy mass had swept on, floundering through the dry bed of the creek, and then thundering up the slope obscured by rolling clouds of sand.

It was a moment of breathless terror for Paul and his companions, for as the frenzied herd swept through the grove it seemed as if the the very trees must be swept down by the fearful rush. Nothing could have lived and stood before that rushing, living wall. But now it had passed on, and the sullen thunder of the retreating hoofs came fainter and fainter from the south.

And in the wake of the herd, like silent ghosts, a pack of gaunt gray wolves galloped in swift pursuit. They too had soon passed and disappeared over the slope, and in the grove where there had been so much tumult and panic but a few minutes before, silence reigned, broken only by the low murmur of the night wind.

With a feeling of infinite thankfulness, Paul descended from the tree, followed by Dora and Aunt Fanny.

"It was a dreadful sight!" cried Dora. "It gives me the shivers to think of it.'

"Bless de Lord fer dat tree!" cried the negress. "Whuh would we all hab bin if der hadn't bin no trees hyah? Bin rund 'ober an' tramped ter death shuh as you are born."

"There is no doubt about that," said Paul. "It was enough to give any one a terrible fright. I must confess that I was so frightened that I never once thought of shooting one of those buffaloes, which I could have easily have done, as they were right under the limb I was clinging to."

"Why, that is too bad!" said Dora. "But I feel too thankful for having escaped death to complain."

"An dem wolves!" cried Aunt Fanny. "Dey did look mighty awful ter dis chile."

"They didn't look very hospitable," agreed Paul.

"Would they attack the buffaloes?" asked Dora.

"I hardly think so. I have been told by old plainsmen, though, that wolves often stampede herds of buffaloes, then follow in their wake for the purpose of feeding on those of the herd that are crippled or killed in the stampede. If one of the buffaloes stumbles and falls, as is often the case, the others pressing on from the rear run over him leaving the unfortunate one dead or dying on the plain, to be devoured by the wolves that come behind."

As Paul ceased speaking he turned and stood silent for a moment. Then he uttered an exclamation and hurried in the direction of the thicket in the ravine.

"I had forgotten my horse!" he cried. "Great Scott! Look there!"

He pointed to where the thick growth of plum bushes had grown. They were trampled into the earth, and his horse which had been picketed there was gone!

He ran to the spot half expecting to find the mangled remains of his horse trampled into the sandy earth, but much to his relief no such sight met his gaze. Frightened at the onrush of the herd, the poor animal had probably broken the lariat or pulled the picket pin and fled in terror.

The loss of the horse was a serious matter, but there were so many other problems of greater importance to be considered that Paul gave little thought to this calamity. Besides, as the horse had escaped, it was likely that he might be recovered.

Paul was about to retrace his steps to the grove when something moving along a deep gully attracted his attention. In a moment he was on the alert, his rifle held ready for instant use.

At first he could not get a perfect view of the figure, but now as it came into a strip of moonlight it was clearly revealed. It was a loafer—one of those gaunt, gray scourges of the plains—even more dreaded than the timber wolf of the north.

It leaped down into the gully, and was quickly followed by another, and another, till a dozen had disappeared into the shadows of the ravine.

Alarmed at the sudden appearance of so many of the dreaded beasts, Paul stepped quickly forward to discover, if possible, what had attracted them to the spot. This was quickly explained, for lying in the bottom of the draw was the carcass of a young buffalo, which had been knocked down and trampled to death by the passing herd. Paul was moved by a sudden impulse to open fire on the wolves, drive them away if possible, and secure the meat of the buffalo calf, but at that instant sharp, wavering barks came from many directions across the plain, and the dark, lank forms of scores of wolves came into view. On reaching the carcass they began to snap and fight over the prize, making a hideous uproar that was answered from far and near.

Paul was quick to recognize the danger of lingering near the spot, and he quickly beat a retreat back to the grove where he found Dora and her husky companion in a state of fright and panic.

"They are gathering about the carcass of a buffalo calf that must have been killed by the herd in the ravine," explained Paul, "and I hardly think we need be alarmed."

"But I'm afraid to stay on the ground," said Dora. "Don't you think we had better get back into the tree?"

"It would do no harm," admitted Paul.

Dora and Aunt Fanny had soon regained their places in the big cottonwood, but Paul remained below.

"I'm going to reconnoiter a little before I join you," he said.

"You must be careful," warned Dora. "Those wolves might attack you before you knew it."

"I shall keep on the watch, and if they crowd me I'll not lose any time in getting out of their reach."

He walked in the direction of the draw where the wolves were gathered. He would have liked very much to have saved a part of the buffalo calf's meat, and he debated with himself as to whether he could frighten the wolves away by firing several shots into the pack. But as he drew near and saw the number that were already gathered, and witnessed the rapid arrival of others in a constant stream, he quickly abandoned the project and retraced his steps.

The barking, snarling and snapping of the wolves was growing in volume every moment and quickly grew into a hideous uproar that sent a chill of fear to the little party in the grove.

When a couple of big, gray wolves leaped past Paul, almost touching him, he lost no time in swinging himself into the tree.

"I guess the gallery is good enough for me, if I have got to witness this performance," he smiled as he settled himself on a large limb.

The loud and incessant sounds of maddened strife that came from the draw was echoed and re-echoed from the surrounding plain, and it seemed as if the very winds were laden with the sound. And still, in what seemed an endless stream, the gaunt and hungry scourges of the prairie poured into the draw. And with the arrival of each fresh pack, the fierce clamor increased, swelling into a hideous uproar that contrasted strangely with the calm aspect of the night.

This thrilling story develops numerous dramatic and startling situations as it proceeds. Look out for it next week. If you like the Ledger, and we feel sure that you do, we would like to have you send in a subscription and take it regularly. A great many thrilling and unusual stories will appear in it during the coming year. You will find it a weekly treat, hence you had better send in your subscription now. Let us hear from you.

To WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 202 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

The Tide of the Mystic.

(Continued from page three.)

The room seemed lonely in the extreme. Sometimes a feeling similar to that I had experienced in my boyhood would creep over me; as if some unseen hand of an invisible enemy were approaching me from behind, drawing ever nearer and nearer to me, ready at any moment to crumple me up like a dry leaf in its clammy grasp.

The discovery of that empty safe, rifled of its contents during the day, though only of auxiliary importance, impressed me more than the main fact, because of its happening during my occupancy of the house.

More than once I glanced furtively over my shoulder, feeling, rather than imagining, some hideous presence crawling gradually up behind me. A touch on my arm now would have sent me into absolute panic, so great was the tension on my nerves. Still, I had enough confidence in myself to believe that if real danger came, my usual fearlessness would reassert itself and calm me in an instant.

Between these waves of nervous excitement I had satisfied myself beyond a doubt that Professor Wycliff's writing, with which I now felt reasonably familiar, was a complete counterpart in all its peculiarities of that in my mysterious warning. Did he write the letter? If so, for what purpose that could not have been as well served in a more straightforward way? If he did not write it, who was there that would have an object in so doing, who could imitate his hand to such perfection? Who had access to his papers, and leisure to study their peculiarities? Who could have given it the days of practice and attention that such imitation must have required?

Some of the people to whom the old man had written occasionally might have had the time and opportunity in their own homes. What would have been their object? Besides, his list of correspondents had been small and most select; scientists, chemists and learned men of wide repute. I went over the list of people, one by one, whom I might imagine, from Miss Wycliff's story, had the opportunity, then, by the elimination process, strove to figure out those whom I might reasonably consider in such a semi-criminal connection.

At the end I had not one. If there were any whom I might suspect, or if I applied the broad rule of suspecting everybody, still, of them all, there seemed to be no one sufficiently associated with the professor's daily life to successfully apply or profit by any such complex plot as this must be, if there was a plot, except his assistant, Maxwell, and his own daughter.

Upon the latter's innocence I would have staked my life and dropped her name at once. Over Maxwell's I sat in a brown study; I must find out more about him in the morning, his habits, his character, must get a sample of his writing. True, he had been taken away first of all, but the old question came up, what had become of him? Till that was answered it occurred to me that the fact of his disappearance was as much a point against him as in his favor.

Another thought, a personal one and a disturbing one at that, came into mind. If this warning letter really were prepared by some enemy of Professor Wycliff's it was certainly intended for no personal benefit to me. In fact, I must either believe the old man to have written the note himself to involve me in his own disappearance, or that some other power was plotting against us both.

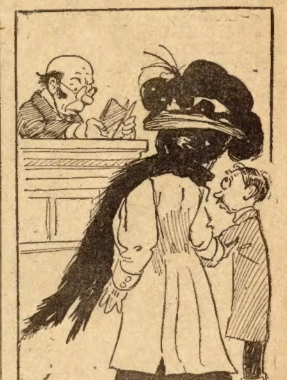
The professor had already been removed; was not my own presence here, in response to that summons from such an enemy, placing me in deadly peril? True, the note counciled me to keep in close touch with my brother. It also warned me emphatically to confide in no one else. That I would mention it to Charlie, was a foregone conclusion to any at all familiar with our intimate association. Might the real purpose of that note, then, have been to limit my consultation to him rather than to urge its extension to him, then, by the removal of us both, there would be no one else in the game to fear. The more I thought it over the more certainly I became convinced that we were both in serious danger, and that my own was possibly immediate. Still, the thought of that distressed girl's wan and trouble-laden face was quite enough to drive away any idea of abandoning the case, if any such idea had arisen.

"No," I said aloud, in the intensity of my determination, "whatever comes I will not desert that poor stricken girl, but will follow this mystery out to the bitter end."

At that instant I became aware of a low, stealthy rustle creeping up close to me from behind. With a bound I faced about and stood, revolver in hand, at bay.

This intensely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Strange things happen. Read it. Watch the Ledger in the coming months and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written. With every month we will try to give you a better and more entertaining paper, so, if you are not already a subscriber, you better send in a year's subscription and have the Ledger regularly. Take our advice and attend to this today.

So Convenient.



Registrar—Well, are you ready to have the knot tied?

Bridegroom—Yes, guv'nor, but can't you make it one of them 'ere slipknots?

MAKE YOUR LIQUORS and CORDIALS AT HOME!

OROSI RE-DISTILLED EXTRACTS

PARIS 1900 GENOA 1899 LONDON 1900 ROME 1899 MILAN 1901

GOLD MEDALS AWARDED

Insure purity and save 75 per cent. of dealer's prices by using OROSI Redistilled Extracts, long popular in Europe and awarded gold medals, &c., at International Exhibitions. OROSI Extracts are delicious, absolutely pure and wholesome. Guaranteed under United States Pure Food Act—No. 3402. You can make perfect imitations with OROSI of any of the following without distilling, brewing or boiling as easily as you mix two glasses of water, viz.: Rye, Bourbon, Scotch Whiskey, Gins, Brandies, Manhattan, Martini, Club Cocktails, Creme de Menthe, Chartreuse and others. Box of 12 assorted or one kind—price, $3.

TO INTRODUCE OROSI we send under plain cover, on receipt of $1 to any address in the United States, Mexico or Canada, ALL CHARGES PREPAID, 4 vials (assorted or of one kind) for making

Four Full Quarts for One Dollar. Name the kinds you want.

America-Europe Company, Sole American Agents, 2038 Broadway, New York City.
(Ask for Free Booklet giving History and Secrets of Liquors—free to everybody.)

A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

Before I was married I had very definite notions as to the behavior of children. I agreed with all other old maids that well-behaved children were at least tolerable, but badly behaved children were a nuisance, and that obedience is the fundamental principle of a child's education, and this I am endeavoring to apply to my boy Jack. Here is a specimen of the way I do it:

"Jack, you have wilfully disobeyed me. I told you distinctly scarcely ten minutes ago not to go to the sugar bowl again. I shall have to punish you."

"How?"

"I have not yet decided. I must find some way to impress upon your mind that obedience is absolutely essential."

"Are you going to hurt me?"

"Not by giving you pain. I wish to make you sorry for what you have done."

"When are you going to begin?"

"To begin? Well, that will depend upon the nature of the punishment. Physical punishment——"

"What's that?"

"Come, come! Stop these questions. Little boys of your age can't be expected to understand such things."

"Why?"

I made no reply. The question was repeated.

"Didn't I tell you to stop asking questions. If you ask another, I warn you there'll be trouble. Now sit up in that chair. I'm going to keep you there a full half hour. We'll see if I can't make you understand that when I tell you to let that sugar bowl alone you are to obey me."

Jack climbed up into the chair and sat nearly a minute without speaking; then he said:

"Mamma, I think I understand that when you tell me to let the sugar bowl alone I'm to obey you."

"But I wish to impress it on your mind so that you won't forget it."

"How long will it take?"

No answer. I was cutting out a nightie for Jack, and I proceeded with my work without paying the slightest attention to him. There was silence for a few minutes; then he said:

"Mamma."

No answer.

"Mamma."

No answer.

"Mamma."

Knowing that he would keep it up, I gave in and said:

"What?"

"When is the trouble going to begin?"

"What trouble?"

"Didn't you say that if I asked another question there would be trouble?"

I turned away that Jack should not see my face, but didn't answer him.

"What kind of trouble is it going to be?"

Since an answer was impossible, I went out of the room for a few minutes to escape being pressed for one. When I returned Jack harped on another string.

"Mamma, I'm not a bad boy. At the exhibition at the kindergarten I stood up before everybody while Miss Brown said how good I'd been."

"I suppose that made you feel very fine?"

"H'm! I felt funny."

"What do you mean by funny?"

"I felt a chuckle down in my stomach."

Not wishing the gravity of the situation broken, I again turned away my face. There was no more conversation for a period of one minute, when Jack broke the silence.

"Mamma, if you'll let me get down I'll try to be good."

"It's very hard to be good, Jack, isn't it?"

"H'm! It's mighty hard for me."

"I wish to impress upon you that you must at least obey. Obedience is the first thing for a child to learn."

"Will I learn it any more by sitting here any longer?"

"You won't forget so easily."

Another minute passed, when Jack remarked:

"Mamma, this morning I was jumping on the spring bed. I came down on the floor on my hands."

"Haven't I told you that you are not to jump on the bed? You'll ruin the mattress, and you might have hurt yourself badly."

"I didn't hurt myself. If I'd had the time I could have turned over and lit on my feet."

Jack began to get very restless. I looked at the clock. He had been punished just eleven minutes. His punishment was wearing on me far more than on him.

"Jack," I said, "if I let you get down do you think you can obey me in future?"

"Oh, yes, mamma; I know I can."

"Well, come and give me a kiss."

Jack gave me a bear hug and ran away in great glee.

In the afternoon, needing a spool of thread with which to finish Jack's nightie, I went out to buy one, leaving Jack (timorously and reluctantly) in care of a maid, with instructions to watch him carefully. When I returned on going to the dining room I found lumps of sugar mingled with fragments of my cut glass sugar bowl (a wedding present) scattered on the floor. Hearing a yell upstairs, I flew up to the third story. There was Jack with blood from his nose running over a lump of sugar protruding from his mouth. He had been trying to jump from the bed high enough to give him time to turn over.

If ever an old maid tells me how to bring up children I'll tell her to go and get one and practice awhile.—Mrs. Sarah D. Wilson.

"Money doesn't bring happiness."

"No; but it's a good drug to make you forget you've missed the things that do."

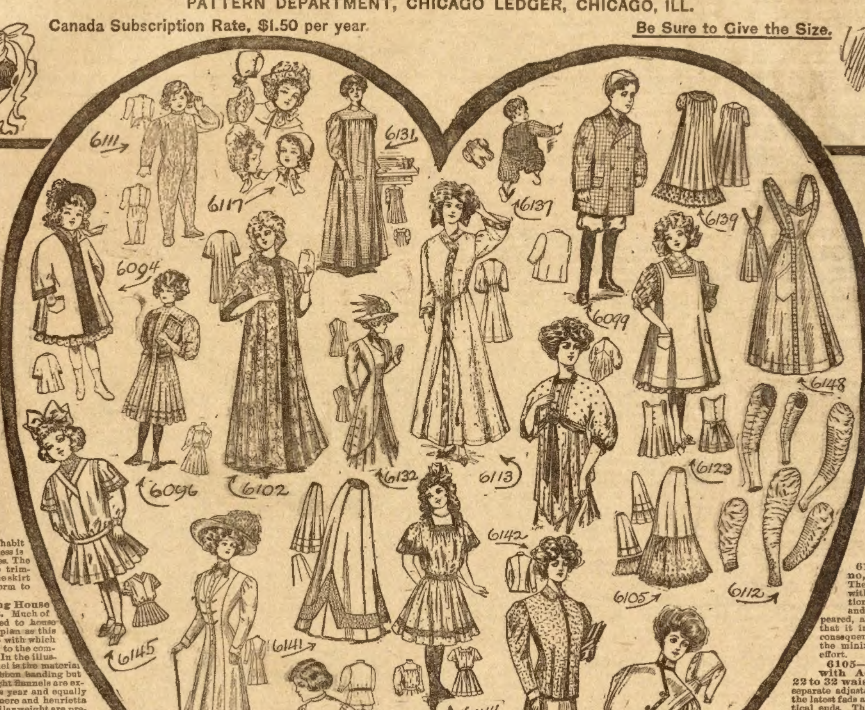
FREE--Six Stylish Patterns--FREE

Any six of these fashionable patterns sent ABSOLUTELY FREE, postage prepaid, with one year's subscription to THE CHICAGO LEDGER. These patterns are made by a prominent manufacturer from the latest Paris designs. They are simple and economical and are designed especially for the home dressmaker. One year's subscription to the LEDGER costs only one dollar. You get fifty-two copies of this fine family paper (one every week) for the dollar, and you get six of these patterns FREE by subscribing now. Select any six patterns—send the number and size of each pattern you want with one dollar to

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

Canada Subscription Rate, $1.50 per year.

Be Sure to Give the Size.



6139—Infant's Dress with Round Yoke, one size. The yoke is made in one piece and the dress itself in two portions, which are gathered and joined to the lower edge of the yoke. When the frill is used the skirt is cut off at hem width and the frill is joined to the lower edge. The sleeves are simple full ones that are gathered into bands and the closing is made at the back.

6140—Misses' Tucked Blouse, 14 and 16 years. The waist is made with a fitted lining and itself consists of the front and the backs. It is laid in fine tucks and when the chemisette is used it is cut out on indicated lines. The sleeves are in one piece each, but arranged over fitted linings, made with upper and under portions, and these linings are faced to form deep cuffs.

6141—Six Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist. The skirt is cut in six gores and there consequently is a seam at the center front as well as at center back. When the habit back is desired the fulness is cut off on indicated lines. The band which forms the trimming is arranged over the skirt and is mitered to conform to the indicated shaping.

6142—Loose Fitting House Coat, 34 to 44 bust. Much of the popularity extended to house coats made on such a plan as this one is due to the ease with which they can be made and to the comfort that they provide. In the illustration eiderdown flannel is the material and the trimming is ribbon banding but the various lighter weight flannels are exceedingly beautiful this year and equally appropriate while cashmere and henrietta cloth and fabrics of similar weight are preferred by many women.

6144—Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 years. The dress is made with a fitted body lining on which the portions of the waist are arranged. There is a straight skirt and the skirt and the waist are joined by means of a belt. The short sleeves are left open at their lower edges but the long ones are gathered into bands.

6145—Child's French Dress, 4 to 8 years. The dress is made with the waist and the skirt. The waist is laid in inverted plaits at the front and in tucks over the shoulders and the trimming band, which finishes the neck, terminates under the plaits at the front. The skirt is straight and plaited and the two are joined by the belt. The short sleeves are gathered at their upper edges and trimmed on the indicated lines.

6146—Empire House Jacket, 34 to 42 bust. The jacket consists of the front and back portions of the yoke, which are cut in one with the sleeves and the full skirt, which is joined thereto. There is a shaped neckband which finishes the neck edge and straight bands are joined to the lower edges of the sleeves.

6148—Princess Apron, Small 32 or 34, Medium 36 or 38, Large 40 or 42 bust. The apron is made with the full skirt and the panel, which is cut in one with the shoulder straps. The skirt portion is gathered and joined to the belt and the ends of the shoulder straps are attached to position while sash ends are joined to the belt by means of which the closing is made.

6113—Misses' Bath Robe, 12, 14 and 16 years. The robe is made with the backs and fronts and is rendered shapely by means of center back and under-arm seams. The sleeves are in one piece each and the cord is held in place by means of straps at the under arm seams.

6112—Tucked or Gathered Sleeves, Small 32 or 34, Medium 36 or 38, Large 40 or 42 bust. Fancy sleeves that fit the arm somewhat closely are among the latest decrees of fashion and here are two models that are charmingly attractive and which are suited to a variety of materials. They can be utilized both for the new gowns and for those that are to be remodeled and and they are exceedingly desirable.

6136—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress, 14 and 16 years. The latest variation of the ever popular guimpe dress for young girls takes the semi-princess form and is graceful and attractive, yet simple withal. This one includes a full length panel, which is cut in one with the shoulder straps, giving a distinctly novel effect, and will be found appropriate for all seasonable materials.

6091—Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 bust. The waist is made with fronts and backs and is laid in tucks over the shoulders which give tapering lines at the back and provide becoming fullness at the front. There are shirt waist sleeves that are gathered into straight cuffs and when the rolled-over cuffs are used they are seamed to their lower edges.

6094—A Child's Kimono Coat, 4 to 8 years. Loose coats that can be slipped on and off without difficulty are the ones that little girls are sure to like and which cannot fail to appeal to wise mothers. This one, in kimono style, is graceful and attractive yet so simple that there is scarcely appreciable labor involved in the making.

6096—A Girl's Semi-Princess Dress, 6 to 12 yrs. The semi-princess is as great a favorite for the school girls as it is for their elders and very charming are many of the new models that have appeared. The one illustrated is among the latest and is adapted both to present needs and to the coming winter.

6099—A Boy's Reefer Coat, 4 to 12 years. There is no overcoat better adapted to the small boy than the one in reefer style. This model can be made of any seasonable material, but in the illustration it is shown made from cheviot in shades of brown and tan, with collar of brown velvet.

6102—Misses' Kimono, 14 and 16 years. The kimono that is made with sleeves and body portion in one is of the newest and prettiest that has appeared, also is so simple to make that it involves almost no labor, consequently allows of variety with the minimum of cost as well as effort.

6105—A Sheath Petticoat with Adjustable Flounce, 22 to 32 waist. Petticoats made with separate adjustable flounces are among the latest fads and they serve many practical ends. This one is made with a five gored upper portion and allows a choice of flounces of two widths.

6106—Boy's Russian Suit, 2, 4 and 6 years. In the illustration the suit is made of serge and worn with a leather belt, but there are various other light weight wool materials that are appropriate while a great many mothers use the heavier washable fabrics.

6111 Child's Night Drawers with Feet, 2 to 8 years. The drawers are made with the front and the leg portions cut in one, and back body portions that are separate. The fall is finished with a band and buttoned into place. There is a standing collar at the neck and the sleeves are made in coat style, in two portions each.

6117—Child's Caps, 2, 4 and 6 years. There is no head covering prettier for the small child than the close fitting cap. This season there will be several styles worn, the little Dutch cap, that is always so comfortable and so attractive, and also the more fancy Normandy caps and those with full crowns and fancy rolled back revers. All three styles are shown in the illustration.

6137—Child's Overall or Creeping Apron, One size. Every mother of a creeping child will appreciate this useful, protective little garment. It can be drawn on over the frock or it can be worn without one, it allows the child perfect freedom and activity while it can be made from any desirable material.

6138—Coat with Vest, 34 to 42 bust. The coat that is made with vest portions is always a favorite and satisfactory one. This model includes the long lines that give a slender effect and the new plain coat sleeves of moderate size. It can be made of one material throughout or with the vest portions of something in contrast as liked and it is adapted to all seasonable materials.

6132—Four Button Coat, 34 to 42 bust. Perforated for cutaway effect and to be made with or without openings at the under-arm seams. The coat that is closed with four buttons is a favorite one and is to be noted in a number of variations. Here is a model that can be made in cutaway effect or with straight fronts as liked and with or without the points at the lower edge, so it really includes several in the one.

6131—Work Apron, 32 to 42 bust. The work apron that is really protective and practical is the one that wise women demand. This one is just as well adapted to the artist and the studio as it is to the housewife and will keep the gown of either fresh and free from soil, no matter what the occupation of the moment.

6123—Girl's Apron, 6 to 12 years. Attractive aprons always are in demand and this pretty one can be made either with or without a sash. Plain and cross-barred lawns, linens and all materials of the sort are used for the white ones, and, if something very sturdy is wanted, chambray or checked ginghams will be found satisfactory while for the neck and the armholes frills of the same or of embroidery or simply the stitched bands can be utilized. The pockets are sure to be welcomed and the apron is so pretty that it is to be commended.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

FOR MOTHER.

I give my mother lots of kisses,
There's really never one she misses:
A "wake-up kiss" right in the morning,
A "good-night kiss" when I am yawning,
A "sorry kiss" when I've been bad,
A "happy kiss" when I am glad.
Once she was sick; I went to stay
At Aunty's house, O, miles away!
Then I sent kisses in a letter.
She said they truly made her better.
There's never really one she misses,
O, I give mother lots of kisses!

Living Up a Tree.

Years ago a Louisiana planter, aptly named Wildeson, went to establish himself on the Rama River in Nicaragua, where he raises bananas and rubber-trees with profit. A Mr. Drew, who visited him on business, describes his three-story house as literally built in a tree—a sturdy eboe tree—sixty-three feet from the ground.

To get up and down between the ground and the house an elevator is used, so constructed with block and tackle that the person using it raises himself or controls his descent by means of a rope.

There is also a chicken house suspended from a limb into which the poultry is collected at night. After a day of free picking and strolling, the feathered bipeds come of themselves to be raised to their roost.

A good snake story goes with the rest. Mr. Drew says: "A thing that struck me curiously was the sight of a twelve-foot boa constrictor gliding about on the ground at the foot of the tree, climbing over the roofs of the laborers' cabins, even entering them and in general making himself perfectly at home on the plantation.

" 'Nobody'd think of harming him,' said the old man to me when I spoke to him about the big snake. 'He's perfectly harmless to any one, and he keeps the place clear of mice and moles that eat the roots of my young banana and chocolate trees. Eat chickens! Never knew him to do such a thing. Still, while they're little, I don't put temptation in his way, but keep them in a snake-tight coop of wire netting.' "

Camel and Tobacco Smoke.

A newspaper correspondent made a curious discovery about camels during the Soudan campaign, several years ago. He was in the habit of going into the enclosure where the beasts were kept at night, his object being to make a study of their habits. He was a great smoker, and he soon found that the camels were very fond of the smoke from his pipe. One old member of the herd seemed to like it particularly well. The correspondent noticed that the camel approached him the minute he entered the enclosure—provided he was smoking, and he usually was—and always put its nose close to his pipe so as to inhale the fumes. When it had taken a good whiff it would throw back its head, turn up its eyes, and swallow the smoke with a great sigh of delight.

Caterpillar Lace.

It is said that a man in Munich has devised an ingenious plan by which caterpillars are made to spin lace veils from the leaves of plants. He makes a paste of the plant that is the usual food of the caterpillar, and spreads it thinly over a stone, or other flat surface. Then with a camel's hair pencil dipped in olive oil, he draws on the coating of paste the pattern that he wishes the caterpillar to leave open. The stone being placed in an inclined position, the caterpillars are put at the bottom, and they eat and spin their way to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil but devouring the rest of the plant. The result is a lace pattern of rare beauty.

I am I.

The universal use of the telephone has produced a large crop of amusing incidents, but none more amusing than the following: A faithful but inexperienced German girl one day answered the phone in place of the mistress of the house.

"Who is there?" came over the wire.

"It is I," answered Katrina.

"And who is I?"

"Why, I am I."

"But who is I?"

"I am me, my own self," said Katrina, impatiently. "How can I be anybody but myself?"

"What is your name?"

"Katrina Rupper."

"Who is Katrina Rupper?"

"She is me, my own self."

Then Katrina heard somebody laugh at the other end of the wire, and she cried out indignantly:

"I vill not sthay here to be made a choke of; how could I be any one but me?" And she went away in high dudgeon.

A Dancing Mouse.

After several months of training Miss Mary Lightfoot, of Warsaw, Ind, has taught a common house mouse to waltz to the music of a harp, says the Rochester Herald.

Every evening at exactly 7:30 the rodent appears in Miss Lightfoot's music rooms and will enjoy an hour's dancing. Then a supper of grated cheese is given the little animal, which, after finishing, twirls his whiskers, nods his head, and shoots back to his hiding place.

THE MOON.

"Last night the moon was big and bright,
An' now it's small," said Ben,
"Some angel boy has let the wind
All out of it again!"

Columbus' Mistake.

Teacher—Did Columbus know that he discovered a new continent?

Class—No, he thought it was India.

Teacher—Correct. Why did he think he had found India?

Bright Boy—I s'pose it was 'cause the inhabitants was Indians.

One time the county superintendent of schools was questioning the pupils of a country school. He wrote on the blackboard the sentence, "The fly has wings," and asked a class what part of speech each word was. They passed the "the" without serious trouble.

"What part of speech is 'fly?'" asked the superintendent.

"Adverb!" shouted all the class in unison.

"What! 'Fly' an adverb?"

"Yessir!" shouted the children with great positiveness.

"What makes you think it is an adverb?"

"'Cause teacher told us that all words that end in 'ly' are adverbs!"

Two little brothers, aged respectively 4 and 6, fell in with a stray kitten, which, suffering by the hands of some cruel person, had of its tail scarcely half an inch remaining.

"Poor little kitten," said the younger one. "Who has cut off its tail? I wonder if it will grow again?"

To which the elder gravely remarked: "Of course it will! Don't you see, the root is there?"

Eliza's Last Meal.

Little Brother (at performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as Eliza crosses the ice)—What's de purps chasin' her for, Mickey, an' where's she goin' now?

Mickey Mulberry (distracted with questions)—Aw, she et one uv de purps before makin' her dash to de Pole!

A little boy and his sister were allowed to collect eggs from the hencoops, but were told that they must never take away the nest egg. The little girl, however, did so one morning by mistake, and her brother told her she must take it right back "because that was what the old hen measured by."

FREE TO GIRLS BIG DOLL

Just a few minutes of your time is all we ask, as all you have to do is to get only 4 people to accept our liberal 25c offer.

This handsome doll is nearly half a yard tall, is beautifully dressed; closes and opens its eyes, has shoes and stockings that can be taken off, and is one of the best dolls ever given away on such a liberal offer. Any girl can earn this doll in a few minutes by distributing only 4 of our beautiful colored art pictures to 4 people on our liberal 25c offer, collecting 25c from each person, making $1.00 altogether. Just think of it! **All you have to do is to get only 4 people to accept this liberal 25c offer.**

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

Just send us your name and address and we will send you the 4 pictures and complete outfit by return mail. You will be surprised to find how easy it is to earn this beautiful doll.

WRITE TODAY

It Costs You Nothing to Try

Address

Davis Bros. Pub. Co. Dept. 35C2
CHICAGO

ENTERTAIN YOUR FRIENDS.
WRITE TO DAY
SEND NO MONEY

Big Magic Lantern FREE To BOYS AND GIRLS

Just a few minutes of your time is all we ask, as all you have to do is to get only 4 people to accept our liberal 25c offer.

This is an Imported Brass Mounted Stereopticon, SHOWING LARGE COLORED PICTURES. We give with it a large assortment of colored pictures, many funny, and two moving picture slides.

This Magic Lantern is fitted with Double Telescope Crystal Lenses. Lantern is Fully Lacquered in Red or Black, with Nickel-Plated Trimmings; handsomely designed; has metal props for slides. Complete with oil lamp and large assortment of colored slides. Any boy or girl can earn this Magic Lantern and complete outfit by distributing only four of our beautiful multi-colored art pictures to four people on our liberal 25c offer, collecting 25c from each person, making $1.00 altogether. We also give with each Lantern a large assortment of colored posters and admission tickets, so that you can give shows and charge admission. **Send no money,** just your name and address, and we will send you the four pictures and complete outfit by return mail.

Address **DAVIS BROS. PUB. CO., Dept. 35H2, Chicago, Ill.**

FREE —SOLO— ACCORDION to BOYS & GIRLS

JUST A FEW MINUTES OF YOUR TIME IS ALL WE ASK, AS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO GET ONLY SIX PEOPLE TO ACCEPT OUR LIBERAL 25c OFFER

Our solo accordion is a magnificent instrument and we absolutely guarantee it to give complete satisfaction in every particular. It is a perfect instrument with double bellows, two stops, hand straps, and side fasteners. The case is fully ebonized and the trimmings are nickel-plated. It is a full voiced instrument, beautiful in tone as well as in appearance and suitable for furnishing music for entertainments, dances and all kinds of social occasions. The accordion has always been a very popular instrument. We are very proud of this musical instrument.

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address and we will send you six of our beautiful multi-colored art pictures to distribute to six people, collecting 25 cents from each person. You will be surprised to find how easy it is when you hear about our wonderful offer. When you have collected and sent us the $1.50 we will send you this Solo Accordion at once, exactly as described, absolutely free of charge. Write today. It costs nothing to try. Address

DAVIS BROS. PUB. CO., Dept. 35L, CHICAGO

BELT
CARTRIDGE
RIFLE SHOT

Boys THIS COMPLETE OUTFIT FREE

Here is an opportunity for every boy to get one of these splendid hunting outfits absolutely free of charge. All we ask in return is a few minutes of your spare time. The outfit consists of a first-class all-steel air rifle, combination pocket knife (8 tools in one) hunting belt and supply of shot. **The air rifle is one of the best made** being made of the best grade of steel, nickel plated, with highly polished walnut stock and fitted with improved Globe sights, making it an accurate shooter and just the thing for hunting all kinds of small game such as birds, squirrels, etc. A complete outfit as described goes with each rifle. **We are making one of the most wonderful and liberal offers ever made by a reliable firm.** All you have to do to get this complete outfit is distribute only 8 of our beautiful colored art pictures, size 16x20 inches, on our special plan at 25c each. It is the most liberal offer you ever heard of and you will have no trouble in getting only 8 people to accept this liberal offer. When you have collected the $2.00 in all and sent it to us we will send you the air rifle and complete outfit at once, as described above. **Send no money, but write for the outfit today. It will cost you nothing to try.** Address **DAVIS BROS. PUBLISHING CO. Dept. 35M2 CHICAGO**

TRAY FOR TONING PICTURES
The Premo Dry Plates

FREE SNAPSHOT CAMERA & COMPLETE OUTFIT

Just a few minutes of your time is all we ask, as all you have to do is to get only six people to accept our liberal 25c offer.

This camera takes photographs 2½ x 2½ inches in size, clear and sharp to the very corners of the plate. It is adapted for both instantaneous snap shots or interior work. It is very simple to operate and any child who will carefully study the written rules will obtain good results. With this outfit you can photograph your home, members of your family, your friends, your pets, etc. Complete outfit for taking and developing the photographs goes with the camera. The outfit consists of the following items: One complete instruction book, one tray for developing negatives, one tray for toning the pictures or fixing the plates. One package best developer, one package hypo-sulphite of soda for making the negatives permanent so they will last for years. One printing back with which you print the picture from the negative, one package sensitized paper, one package extra rapid dry plates, one package toning chemicals for toning the prints, one package ruby paper, with full directions for making the ruby lamp. **Send No Money.** Just your name and address and we will send you 6 of our beautiful multi-colored art pictures to distribute to six people on our liberal plan, collecting 25c from each person. You will be surprised to find how easy it is. When you have collected and sent us the $1.50 we will send you the camera and complete outfit exactly as described, at once, absolutely free of charge. Write today. It costs nothing to try. Address **DAVIS BROS. PUB. CO., Dept. 35FF, CHICAGO**

FREE POOL & BILLIARD TABLES.

JUST A FEW MINUTES OF YOUR TIME IS ALL WE ASK, AS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO GET ONLY SIX PEOPLE TO ACCEPT OUR LIBERAL 25c OFFER

This is a handsome, juvenile size, well made pool table. Has fine quartered oak finish, trimmed with metal corners, six pockets, cushion sides, and is covered with fine quality green billiard cloth. With each table go fifteen pool balls, triangle, two cues properly tipped, chalk, instructions, etc., all ready for use. Boys and girls can have no end of fun with this fine outfit.

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address and we will send you six of our beautiful multi-colored art pictures to distribute to six people, collecting 25c from each person. You will be surprised to find how easy it is when you hear about our wonderful offer. When you have collected and sent us the $1.50 we will send you the Pool Table and complete outfit at once, exactly as described, absolutely free of charge. Write today. It costs nothing to try.

Address **DAVIS BROS. PUB. CO., DEPT. 35 Y, CHICAGO**